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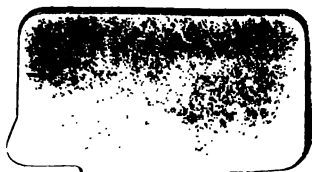
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**THE**  
**GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.**

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THE  
GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

A Novel.

BY  
H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:  
TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18, CATHERINE ST., STRAND.  
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**THE**  
**GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.**

"No!" exclaimed the general, with a look of astonishment.

"I think not," said the young man. "However, if you wish me to do so, I will take your note. It is worth about thirty shillings."

"Scarcely so much."

"Yes, thirty shillings as nearly as possible. There is a sovereign, and there are ten shillings in silver. You see they return you no change at this place. You must give the exact price of admission. "This way," he said, addressing the young lady in particular; "allow me to go first."

The general's daughter, thinking her papa had not shown himself sufficiently grateful for the stranger's politeness, thanked the young man in a pretty little speech of her own. The young man felt that he enjoyed the right of reply. He of course said that the very slight service he had had the opportunity of rendering was not worth speaking of; and he added the expression of a hope

that the young lady and her father had been pleased with what they had hitherto seen of London. The young lady said they had only just arrived. They meant to go to the opera in the evening; and the Exhibition and the opera would be enough in the way of sight-seeing, she thought, for one day.

"I should think so indeed," said the general.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" asked the young man. "Yes," he added, answering his own question. "You want a catalogue. They sell them here—and here they *do* give change."

"But not for ten-rouble notes," suggested "Natasha," as her father called her.

She called herself, and signed her name "Nathalie," but her proper Russian name was "Natalia."

"No; we are much indebted to you for your kindness," said the general, secretly urged to civility by his daughter. "With-

out you we should not have been able to get in here at all."

"Oh, you would have managed it somehow or other, at last," answered the young man. "But I consider myself fortunate to have met you just when I did."

Then, as the general did not seem by any means anxious to detain him, he raised his hat, bowed to Nathalie and her father with marked respect (and, as Nathalie thought, with much grace), and went his own way.

"You should have asked him for his card, papa," said Nathalie.

"Indeed!" replied the general. "Do you think I want to call on him, then? It would be a fine thing if we were to strike up a friendship with every Russian we might chance to meet in London. At least half of them are revolutionists and conspirators of the worst kind."

"He behaved very politely to you, papa, and you did not behave quite so politely to

him. As for being a conspirator, he certainly does not look like one."

"You have only seen them on the stage, my little dove. In real life you sometimes can't tell them from honest men. The stranger certainly ties his cravat very well. That is an art that the English excel in, and which he has picked up during his residence here. I admit, too, that his gloves fit him, and he knows how to make a bow."

"You are malicious, papa."

"Do you think so, Natasha? Well, never mind. Let us begin at the beginning and go through the whole Exhibition."



## CHAPTER II.

### SPECULATION.

**W**HILE General Gontchalin and Natalia, his daughter, were exchanging the above remarks on the subject of the young man, the young man was wondering on his side who they could be, and was reproaching himself with not having made any serious endeavours to find out. He had not seen such a pretty Russian girl as Nathalie during some some half dozen years that he had spent in England.

“As for that, had he seen any English girl,” he asked himself, “who, taking her altogether, in regard to face, figure, bearing, manner, style of dress—general expression,



in short—was as charming as this charming compatriot of his whom he had just left, and whom in all probability he should never see again ? ”

He thought not, and, after a very little reflection, felt certain on the subject. In Russia, or rather in Poland, he had received his first impressions of female beauty, and he remained susceptible to the influence of the one particular type which had first struck him. Two minutes more, and he had resolved that his *bella incognita* was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, and therefore the most beautiful girl on the face of the whole earth.

Who could she be ?

As for the father, he was Russian enough ; if anything, a little too much. The daughter, however, united to the grace of a Polish girl the beauty of a Georgian.

Nathalie's mother, whom she had lost some years, was indeed of Polish family ; but she had no Georgian blood in her veins.

What, however, the young man was particularly anxious to know was, not whence the fair unknown came, but whither, and to what particular place, she was going.

Where would he have some chance of seeing her? At the Russian embassy?

There he would take very good care not to present himself.

At the Russian church?

It was possible he might meet her at the Russian church.

Then all at once he remembered that that very evening her father was going to take her to the opera. But to which opera?

Well, it was a Monday night, and the Royal Italian Opera was the only one at that time which gave performances on Monday.

"What am I to do, however," he asked himself, "if I do meet them at the opera? I cannot speak to them. It will be thought almost impertinent—at least the father will think it impertinent—if I bow to them, even. I might by chance—and chance seems to

favour me to-day — meet some one who knows them, and get introduced, But that after all is very unlikely. If they had any friends in London they would not have come to the Exhibition by themselves—the very day of their arrival, too.”

“Queer person, the father,” he went on to reflect; “and not over civil. I dare say he is not a bad man; but he is a great deal too pompous, throws his head back too much, and is too red in the face, If the Exhibition included a poultry show, his proper place would be among the turkey-cocks.

“And the daughter—what sort of bird does she resemble? for she has graceful little movements of the head that remind one rather of a bird. Ah, well! dove, linnet, or bird of paradise, her flight is quite beyond my reach, and the less I think of her the better.”

Having come to this wise conclusion the young man thought of nothing else but Nathalie for the rest of the afternoon. Be-

fore going home he called at the opera and bought a stall for the evening. He then ate an excellent dinner—love sits lightly on the stomach of a really healthy young man—and wished that night would come.



### CHAPTER III.

#### AT THE OPERA.

**N**ATHALIE'S unknown admirer, for the first time in his life, reached the opera before the commencement of the overture. He had just given up his ticket at the entrance to the stalls, when his attention was arrested by a pair of magnificent nankeen trousers, which slowly, and with an air of importance, were ascending the grand staircase.

"Where can those trousers be going?" he said to himself. The upper part of the person to whom the trousers of forbidden hue belonged was correctly attired in black and white.

The young man thought of Horace's *mu-*

*lier formosa* with the fish's tail. But no; the *mulier*, or rather *puella formosa*, was walking by the nondescript's side. He recognised his Russian acquaintances—if acquaintances they could be called—of the morning, and determined to follow them.

However, he had already given up the ticket admitting him to the stalls; and it moreover struck him, that instead of following the proprietor of the trousers it would be much better to meet him accidentally at the top of the staircase, beyond which it was certain that the trousers would not be allowed to proceed. His familiarity with the corridors and passages of the Royal Italian Opera enabled him to execute his well-planned strategic movement with certainty and despatch. He entered the audience department on the ground floor, turned rapidly to the left, scaled a by no means inaccessible staircase, and by a dexterous flank movement contrived to reach the check-taker's post at the entrance to the

boxes just as General Gontchalin was being told that the colour of his pantaloons rendered his admission impossible.

"What does this pleasantry signify?" inquired the general.

"I am very sorry, sir," said the check-taker, who saw that he had to deal with a gentleman; "but our instructions are most positive."

"Instructions! What instructions?" roared the general.

"You are not in evening dress,"

"Not in evening dress! In what am I then? Is this a dressing-gown or a coat that I am wearing? Have I forgotten my cravat? Have I boots on my feet, or only slippers? *Par exemple!*"

"I am very sorry, sir; but your trousers——"

"My trousers! Well, what about my trousers? Does the cut not please you? Are they too long or too short? Really this treatment astonishes and confounds me."

At this moment the general recognised the obliging money-changer of the morning, who was standing close to him, but on the other side of the check-taker, at the entrance to the crush-room.

"He objects to my personal appearance!" cried the general. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"No," said the young man, bowing to the general and to Nathalie; "not to your personal appearance, but to an unimportant detail in your costume. In England black trousers are considered indispensable in evening dress."

"White pants, sir, is also permitted," said one of the check-takers, obligingly; "but blacks is the rule."

"Well," said the general, "but I wore these trousers at the house of M. Drouyn de Lhuys in Paris, and the Emperor was even good enough to let me appear in them at the Tuileries."

"Never mind that, papa," said Nathalie.



much vexed at the ridiculous position in which her father and herself were placed ; much vexed, too, at the prospect of losing the opera. Your dress does not please these gentlemen ; that is enough. You cannot dispute with them. Let us go away."

"What am I to do?" said the general, turning instinctively to the man who had assisted him before that day. "I should like to hear the 'Barber of Seville' all the same."

"There is only one thing to do," was the reply. "That is, to go home and change them."

"All the way to Jermyn Street?"

"I wish I could assist you ; but I can think of nothing but what I have suggested."

"You cannot change my trousers for me as you so kindly did the ten-rouble note this morning, that is very clear," said the general. "I suppose we must go home, Natasha, but it is exceedingly provoking."

"It is, indeed," said poor Nathalie.

"If the young lady would like to go to the box she might wait for you there," observed the check-taker. "You might show the young lady the way," he said to his companion.

"As for that," interposed the young man, "I have a stall here, and before going to it I should be most happy to escort your daughter to the box, if you would allow me."

"Willingly," answered the general; "but only on condition that you promise to come back afterwards and permit me to thank you for all your kindness."

"I certainly will not fail to pay you a visit," said the young man, who thereupon offered his arm to Nathalie, and conducted her to number forty-five on the grand tier.

"How could I intrust Nathalie to a perfect stranger?" said the general to himself, as he got into a cab and drove to his hotel in Jermyn Street. "But he will not

carry her off, for the best reason in the world—she would not let him. Besides, he seems to be a gentleman. He will leave her at the door of the box.”

The young man, however, did nothing of the kind. It seemed to him that, without abusing his position, he might at least see that his interesting charge was provided with those two essentials at the opera, a libretto and an opera-glass.

He insisted on lending Nathalie his own opera-glass (Nathalie’s was in her father’s pocket), promising to ask her for it at the end of the performance ; and the box-keeper took care that there should be no trouble about the libretto.

“Now, if I stay a moment longer I commit a breach of confidence,” thought the young man ; “while, if I go away suddenly, supposing she is at all willing that I should remain, I look like a fool.”

“You will hear Adelina Patti, the most enchanting singer of the day,” he said.

"Also Mario, the first tenor of *his* day, as you are aware, and who has really no superior in ours."

Nathalie acknowledged the remark by a slight inclination of the head.

"That is equivalent to a notice to quit," said the young man to himself. "Besides, she has not asked me to take a chair."

He was about to leave the box, when the door opened, and a man highly dressed, highly brushed, and very highly shaved, who might have been five-and-thirty, but was in fact fifty, made his appearance.

"Ah, Natalia Ivanovna, how delighted I am to see you!" exclaimed the new comer. "And when did you arrive, and how is Ivan Mikhailovitch, and how is it that you are here alone?" He put a glass to his eye, stared through it at Nathalie's companion, dropped it, and then went on talking. "And so you are here in London; and what really have you done with the general?"

"Oh, he is a general, is he?" said the

young man to himself. "I might have guessed that from his manner. They are all alike."

He again prepared to quit the box, without however at all relishing the idea of leaving another man in possession; but Nathalie now motioned to him to remain.

"Will you not sit down?" she said. "My father will be back directly. My father has gone home. He had forgotten something," she added, addressing the new comer, whose presence did not seem at all agreeable to her.

The new comer was one of those free and easy persons who when a chair is not offered to them take it.

"Ah, Natalia Ivanovna, you forgot to ask me to sit down," he said, at the same time seating himself.

"I was listening to the music," replied Nathalie. "The orchestra makes so much noise that it almost prevents me from hearing what you say."

Not a word more was spoken on either

side until the general arrived triumphantly attired in a pair of black pantaloons.

"I have passed the censorship," he said, as he entered ; " my trousers please them. Ah! you have friends. M. Boutkovitch, is it you ?"


"And you also are honouring us," he added, addressing the stranger. I expected to be favoured with your visit, but——"

"It was I who begged him to stay," interrupted Nathalie.

"Otherwise I should not have committed the indiscretion of remaining," said the young man, making once more a move towards the door.

"Pray do not leave us," said the general.

The young man looked at Nathalie, and thought he would take the general at his word. He accordingly resumed his seat. Gontchalin seeing him do so, said to himself: "That's the worst of being too abrupt—unless a man is a regular brute, he has to make amends for it afterwards. I shall now have



this fellow, whom I don't know from Adam, sticking in my box the whole evening."

"Well, Boutkovitch, how do you get on in England?" he said in French.

"Moderately well, general," answered the person so addressed. "But it is a strange country—all the scoundrels of Europe are collected here just now. Talk about exhibitions! If an exhibition of all the brigands and conspirators of the world could be held, I can assure you that all that is most essential for such a show is in London already. You found what you wanted, I hope, general?"

"Found what?"

"You had forgotten something at home, I understood?"

"Oh, yes. I had forgotten my trousers, that was all."

"That was a great deal. But if you will allow me to say so, I don't quite seize your meaning."

"They didn't like my costume, and told me to go home and change my trousers."

"They dared to do so! And they call this a country of liberty! But I understand you now. You wore light trousers, and they wanted you to appear entirely in black."

"Exactly so."

"The buffoons! They ought to keep an assortment of black trousers on the premises; or a man with a blacking brush ready to give the proper funereal hue to clothes of every shade."

While Boutkovitch and the general were conversing in this strain, the young man addressed from time to time a few words to Nathalie. He did not say much, but he was delighted to have the privilege of speaking to her at all.

At the end of the first act, however, he thought it would be only becoming in him to propose to go, and this time in earnest.

"If you *will* leave us," said the general, "pray let me know before you go to whom we are indebted for all the trouble you have



taken on our account. Here is my card."  
He gave a card on which was engraved—

"Le Général Gontchalin,

"Aide-de-camp de S.M. l'Empereur."

"I dare say you know my name," replied the young man, gravely, and rather sadly. "Ferrari!" He at the same time offered a card, which the general only accepted after a moment's hesitation. "Stanislas Ferrari," repeated the young man, with a look directed especially at Nathalie, and that seemed to say, "I am very sorry for it."

"Well!" said the general, examining the card as if he did not quite know what to make of it, and did not know at all what to say; "Well—good evening."

"Sir, I have the honour to salute you," said Boutkovitch, with an air which implied that he considered he was doing Ferrari a great honour by saluting him.

"Good-bye, and many thanks," said Nathalie, with a sweet smile, which more than atoned for the coldness of General Gont-

chalin and the impertinence of Boutkovitch.

Cursing his fate and blessing Nathalie, Stanislas Ferrari, instead of going to his stall, left the theatre altogether and went home.



## CHAPTER IV.

### BOUTKOVITCH.

“**W**HAT Ferrari is this?” said the general to Boutkovitch, as soon as the door of the box was closed.

“Simply the son of Colonel Ferrari?”

“What, Ferrari the traitor?”

“Yes; there was only one of them. They called him Ferrari the traitor in Russia, and Ferrari the coward in Poland. I don’t know why the distinction was made.”

“No,” said the general. “He was just as much a coward in Russia as in Poland, and I suppose the Poles had almost as much right to consider him a traitor as we had.”

"Well, the Poles, it is true, consider every one a traitor who, knowing of their infamous machinations, feels it his duty to reveal them."

"That might be something very like treachery, might it not?" asked Nathalie.


"Now, Natasha, what do you know about it?" said the general. "You must be sent to bed, like Don Basilio in this opera, if you talk about things that you don't understand."

"There is one thing that I don't understand at all," answered Nathalie, "and that is, why you should look upon Colonel Ferrari's son as an infamous person merely because his father had a bad reputation."

"A bad reputation!" exclaimed the general. "Say an execrable reputation. I can't hear the name without shuddering."

"Nor I either," struck in Boutkovitch.

Nathalie looked at Boutkovitch with a half-amused, half-contemptuous expression of countenance.



"You also!" she said. "He was really then a very bad man?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Boutkovitch, "and you may depend upon it his son is not much better."

"Did you ever see him before?"

"Never."

"Because I was going to say that his father's example, instead of teaching him to follow it, may have had quite a contrary effect upon him. I thought perhaps, from the confident tone in which you spoke, that you knew something of him."

"By the way," observed the general, "you *ought* to know something of him. A Ferrari here, and you not aware of it! How does he live? His father cannot have left much money. Does he frequent the society of the refugees? You should look after him; you should, really."

Nathalie turned her back to Boutkovitch, attended, or seemed to attend, carefully to the performance, and did not

speaking another word until the fall of the curtain.

The opera being at an end, she motioned to her father to put on her cloak, took his arm, and with the stiffest possible bow dismissed Boutkovitch, who understanding that he was to consider himself snubbed, remained behind while the general and his daughter walked towards the grand staircase.

"Where is that rascal Boutkovitch?" said the general. "I wanted to send him for the carriage; we shall never find it. But he is so abominably lazy. He does nothing, sees nothing, hears nothing."

"He is a wretch, papa. I wish you would forbid him to approach me. I thought when he came into the box that he was going to shake hands with me."

"I would have caned him, my dove, if he had dared to attempt such a thing. But he knows better."

"What is he, papa? Something very bad, I am sure."

"Well, well. He is an officer of *gendarmerie*, and he is, moreover, an agent belonging to the third section of his Majesty's Chancery, temporarily employed abroad, and charged with the duty of communicating to the government information respecting the movements and conduct of Russian subjects in the country which he has been instructed to visit."

"All that means that he is a good deal like a spy."

"Yes, a good deal."

It had been announced at the Covent Garden end of Bow Street that General Gontchalin's carriage was "coming up;" and the name Gontchalin (pronounced Gontchàh-lin), bounded like a ball from mouth to mouth, until at last it reached the staircase in the injured and mutilated form, first of "Charlin," and ultimately of "Charley."

"General Charley's carriage!" was called out, and "General Charley!" "General

Charley!" was repeated several times. The carriage would have gone on, and the Russian officer would have found himself once more in an awkward position, had not Boutkovitch, who was close at hand, guessed for what name the impossible one of "Charley" really stood.

"This way, general," he said; "it is your carriage, I think, that stops the way."

"Mine?" exclaimed Gontchalin. "The English are strange people. They won't take my money, they object to my trousers, and now they call me 'Charley.'"

"Boutkovitch, happy to have an opportunity of rendering a service to a superior officer, pushed his way, nose first, through the crowd that blocked up the staircase, and finally succeeded in enabling the general and his daughter to reach their carriage just as the policeman was about to send it on.

"Good-night your Excellency, good-night Natalia Ivanovna," he said, as he helped the general into the carriage, and sought to pay



the same attention to the daughter, who contrived however to escape it. .

“Good-night,” returned Gontchalin. Nathalie, however, took no notice of the man.

“To think of the impertinence of that little school-girl,” said Boutkovitch to himself. “She deserves to be well whipped. I wonder,” he continued, “what that fellow Ferrari is about, that she seemed so anxious to defend. The two are worthy of one another. I shall find out something about him soon, and when I do I certainly shall not spare him.”



## CHAPTER V.

### A POLITICAL MEETING.

**B**OUTKOVITCH lighted a cigar and walked in the direction of Leicester Square. Turning into a little court, he knocked at the door of a place which might have been a restaurant, might have been a cigar-shop, might have been a billiard-room, might have been a gambling-house ; might have been anything, in short, that one would not be astonished to find in the immediate neighbourhood of Leicester Square. Over the doorway the encouraging name of Przemyslski might be read.

It was not yet midnight, but the door was closed. Light, however, could be seen inside

through the chinks of the shutters, and a confused hubbub as of many voices could be heard.

Boutkovitch gave a single tap ; then, after a pause, tapped twice ; then, after another pause, three times.

“Quosne quæris ?” asked a voice.

“Resurrecturos !” was the reply.

“All right,” said the voice in English, but with a foreign accent. The door was opened, and Boutkovitch was welcomed by a short, thickset man, with a black shaggy beard, black shaggy eyebrows, black hair cut short like a brush, and black piercing eyes.

“We thought it was the police,” said the black man. “Come in, aristocrat.” He examined Boutkovitch with a critical air. “Hair parted down the middle,” he continued, “a garter in guise of a cravat, and a sea of shirt, enclosed by a narrow strip of waistcoat ! Do you also suck the blood of the people ?”

"I would rather have a cup of tea," replied Boutkovitch.

"Tea, aristocrat? Why not gin?"

"Because gin causes the head to ache, and because I have work to do. Do you know a man named Ferrari — Stanislas Ferrari?"

"Do you know a man named Iscariot — Judas Iscariot?"

"Pray be serious. I don't mean Colonel Ferrari; he is dead. I mean a son of his who is now in London. I saw him to-night at the opera."

"Like father, like son! I don't know the whelp, and don't wish to know him. And it will be much better for him not to know me."

"Then you can tell me nothing about him?"

"Come in! Why do you stop in the passage? Somebody here will be sure to know him."

Boutkovitch entered a room in which

some twenty men were smoking like demons; some pipes, some cigars, some cigarettes. There were bottles and glasses on the table, and one member of the company, who sat in a higher chair than the rest, seemed to be officiating as a sort of president.

"Ah, Boutkovitch! come in," cried half a dozen voices.

"Boutkovitch, our ornament and pride!"

"Fashionable Boutkovitch!"

"Aristocratic Boutkovitch!"

"Operatic Boutkovitch!"

"Chivalrous Boutkovitch!"

"Boutkovitch, the Polish knight!"

When this chorus of praise had ceased, Boutkovitch took a seat, a cigarette, and a glass of water, into which, under pretence of pouring in spirit, he poured in more water.

"Have you been to a parliamentary dinner, a ministerial reception, or what?" asked the black-looking man who had opened the door. "I suppose it is not late enough for a ball?"

"I have simply been to the opera, as I had the honour of telling you before," said Boutkovitch.

"And what did you see there?" inquired a delicate-looking young man of pale complexion, with a long, thin, fair moustache, who answered to the name of Jankowski.

"Well, I saw, for one thing, the 'Barber of Seville.' "

"And besides?"

"Besides the 'Barber of Seville,' I saw some one of very considerable influence at the court of St. Petersburg."

"And what did he say?" asked the chairman—an ancient Pole, without beard or whiskers, but with a curly moustache which he was perpetually twirling and twisting.

"He said," replied Boutkovitch, "that the waters were rising; and that, though the waves might not be very strong, the dams were alarmingly weak."

"Bravo!" cried the assembly generally.

"So there is to be a revolution at St. Petersburg!" exclaimed another.

"Well, I can't say. But it certainly seems probable. The man I was speaking to is no enthusiast, no fanatic. He knows what's what, and he foresees something like an inundation."

"May it come quickly," said Jankowski, solemnly.

"But besides the influential personage from St. Petersburg, I saw Ferrari, the son of the colonel of that name."

"Of diabolical memory!" ejaculated the black-looking man, by way of addendum.

"If you mean Stanislas Ferrari," observed Jankowski, "he is not a bad fellow. I have often met him. Indeed, I know him well."

"I congratulate you on your acquaintance," said the president.

"Oh, I know his name is against him. But Stanislas Ferrari is an excellent man for all that."

"What does he do in London?" asked Boutkovitch.

"Well, beyond studying, I don't think he does any work. Not that he is so well off that he can afford to be altogether idle."


"I must find him some if he is really such a good fellow as you say," remarked Boutkovitch.

The business of the evening was then proceeded with.

The chairman proposed, and the black-looking man seconded, a resolution to the effect that, in view of coming events, a portion of the land of the Russian and Polish nobility should be divided among the peasantry.

This having been carried unanimously, several impossible plans for the destruction of Russia and the liberation of Poland were discussed.

At last the gas was turned off by the proprietor of the establishment, after which the company separated.







## CHAPTER VI.

### NOT AT HOME.

**T**HE day after the performance of the "Barber of Seville" Stanislas Ferrari called at the general's hotel, and was informed that he was not at home. He did not leave a card, nor did he even tell the porter his name.

He returned again in the afternoon, and this time *did* send up his card. The waiter who took charge of it was uncertain, at first, whether the general was at home or not. On returning, however, he was quite certain that the general was out.

"And this solely because I am named Ferrari!" reflected Stanislas as he walked away.

As Stanislas had concluded, the Gontchalins were at the hotel.

"If that gentleman calls again," the general had said to the waiter who brought him Ferrari's card, "remember that I do not wish to see him."

"You are very severe, papa," remonstrated Nathalie, as soon as the waiter had left the room, "and he was so polite to us; and really rendered us a great service on two occasions."

"The services of a Ferrari are dangerous," said the general, "and I would rather be without them. Besides, the Ferraris are not received. I would not have been seen with that young man at the opera on any account if I had known who he was. He should have told us his name."

"But, papa, you did not ask him. When you did ask him he told you. He made no secret of his name."

"When a man is named Ferrari he should warn decent people beforehand, otherwise he

passes, when he is found out, for what he is—for a Ferrari.”

“What did this Colonel Ferrari do, then, that was so very dreadful? I am sure he was not worse than that horrid man, Boutkovitch.”


“Boutkovitch,” said the general, “is an animal, an insect—whatever you please. He is a necessary evil.”

“Monsieur le Chevalier Boutkovitch,” announced the waiter at this moment, bringing in a card.

“Tell Monsieur Boutkovitch to wait,” answered the general.

“Chevalier?” said Nathalie. “What is he chevalier of?”

“Some very low order indeed, I should think. This Boutkovitch, you see, is in an anomalous situation. One may receive him or not receive him as a visitor. But he is in an official position; he is more or less under my orders, and I must accept him as an acquaintance to a certain extent.”




"I cannot endure him," said Nathalie.

"You shall not see him," replied the general. "I will ring the bell for lunch, and the rascal shall wait until we have finished."



## CHAPTER VII.

### FERRARI THE ELDER.

“OU have not told me who Colonel Ferrari was, after all,” persisted Nathalie, when her father had rung the bell.

“He was a foreign adventurer,” answered her father, “ready to do anything that would procure him advancement and money. He caused my brother and two of my cousins to be exiled. He injured every family of importance in Russia ; and much good he got by it after all ! As to his doings in Poland, I don’t quite know what they were. But a traitor is always a traitor.”


“What did he do in Russia ?”

“Well, he had been an officer in the

Neapolitan army, from which he was—no doubt, very properly—dismissed ; and came to Russia as a music-master shortly before the death of the Emperor Alexander, of blessed memory. He was engaged by some family in which there was an only daughter. Instead of doing his duty and teaching her music, he made love to the young lady, and succeeded in gaining her affections. That would do very well, perhaps, in a romance ; but the father, who was a nobleman and a great landed proprietor, did not like it.”

“That also would do in a romance.”

“Perhaps it would. However, this scoundrel Ferrari persuaded his pupil to marry him secretly. So at least it was said. At all events, there was a solemn engagement between them ; and the difficulty then was how to get the consent of the father. If Ferrari could have got a commission in the Russian army, if he could have procured letters of nobility by any means, the father’s consent might have been obtained. But it



was certain that he would not allow his daughter to marry her music-master.

“Ferrari was a man of some determination. He did what scarcely anyone does—what no man of education had ever thought of doing in our country. He enlisted as a private soldier, calculating that his very great superiority over all his comrades would certainly cause him to be remarked, and that his chiefs would not allow him to remain long in the ranks.

“He passed two years in the ranks, however, eating black bread, doing menial work, and putting up with all the privations to which a Russian soldier is condemned. His young wife in the meanwhile received several offers of marriage, and to her father’s great vexation would not listen to any of them. One suitor, it was said, he absolutely commanded her to marry; and a terrible scene took place between the father and daughter on her refusing to do so.

“Ferrari was also in a dreadful position.

He had enlisted for five-and-twenty years, and had no chance of getting his freedom. On the other hand, there seemed to be equally little chance of his being made an officer. I dare say he was no better soldier, probably not so good a one, as his comrades from among the peasantry. No one cared for his superior acquirements, which, moreover, he had but few opportunities of displaying. He might, no doubt, have given lessons in music to some of the officers ; but that was not his object. He wanted to become an officer himself."

"I am sure he was very much to be pitied," said Nathalie. "I don't think he behaved badly at all. I think he behaved very nobly."

"Wait till you hear the end," continued the general. "One day Ferrari was doing duty as sentinel at the Military School. He saw that something unusual was going on. The officers and cadets seemed very much excited. As they passed in and out



he heard them talking, some in French, some in German, two or three in English, but none in Russian, of something apparently of great importance that was to take place the next day.' Some wished to fix it for the next day, others wanted to postpone it. That was all Ferrari could make out."

"But what was it?" asked Nathalie.

"You will hear directly. As soon as Ferrari was relieved from duty, and had marched home to the barracks, he set out again, hurried to the Military School, and passing the sentinel, who thought he was the bearer of a message, walked straight on until he came to a room which he had noticed was the place of rendezvous for those officers and cadets who seemed to have so much to say to one another, and who said it all in foreign languages. He stood outside the door for a few moments, and listened.

" 'What are you doing there?' cried a young lieutenant, who suddenly started out

from a room on the other side of the passage.

‘What are you doing there, blockhead?’

“The door of the room where the officers held their meetings was at the same time thrown open.

“‘I found this fellow standing outside your door, listening, colonel,’ said the lieutenant.

“‘What have you to say, scoundrel?’ cried the colonel. ‘Such impertinence was never heard of. What are you doing? What is your duty here?’

“‘The duty I owe to the emperor!’ answered Ferrari.

“‘What do you mean?’

“‘I mean that I not only listened, but heard.’

“‘Heard, fool? Heard what?’

“‘J’ai tout entendu! Ich habe alles gehört. I speak German as well as French; I am an Italian by birth, and I lived some time in England. I know all your languages. I was doing sentry duty here an

hour ago, and I heard quite enough then to guess what was going on. Now I am certain.'

'“Come in here,” said the colonel, in French.

““Why?” answered Ferrari, in the same language. “I have only to shout to the sentinel, who is in my regiment, that you wish to kill the emperor, to make him give the alarm. In less than five minutes you would all be massacred by your own soldiers.”

““What nonsense,” said the colonel. “Is that in the least to the point? I thought you were a man of intelligence; and a man of intelligence, having somehow strayed into the ranks of the Russian army, cannot certainly refuse to listen to his officers when they wish to take him into their confidence.”

““I am perfectly willing to hear all you have to say,” replied Ferrari.

“Well, to make a long story short, Ferrari proved that he knew something of the con-

spiracy that was going on, and made the conspirators believe that he knew a great deal more than he really did."

"Ah! that was bad," interrupted Nathalie.

"That was nothing to what he did afterwards," continued the general. "The officers naturally would not trust their most important secrets to a man whom they had found listening outside a door. Ferrari tried to persuade them that he was a great liberal; that he fully sympathised with them in all their views and objects, and so on; but while they enrolled him as a member of their society, and endeavoured to make use of him for the purpose of gaining the non-commissioned officers to their side, they still kept him at a distance. He was annoyed by the reserve with which they treated him; and at last decided to try whether he could not gain more by divulging the conspiracy than by aiding the conspirators. One morning he went down to the emperor's palace at Peterhoff, waited at the gates until Alex-

ander came out, and at the risk of being severely punished, spoke to him.

“‘I entreat your imperial majesty,’ he said, in Italian, ‘to listen to a faithful soldier, whose only wish is to save your imperial majesty’s life.’ The emperor was much astonished at being addressed in Italian by a private soldier, and was equally struck by the substance of his speech. He told Ferrari in his own language to follow him, and went hurriedly back to his private cabinet. After an interview, which lasted some time, the treacherous Italian was sent back to St. Petersburg in a close carriage, accompanied by a member of the household, who had instructions to take him to the office of the minister of police. Then, after being subjected to a severe questioning, he was ordered to go back to the Military School, continue his relations with the officers, and report day by day the progress of the conspiracy.

“This was not what Ferrari had bargained for. He had expected to receive promotion

and honourable reward; instead of which he got nothing but a present of money and the doubtful honour of being employed as a spy.

"On making his appearance at the Military School, he found that he had been seen coming out of the minister's office. He was accused of treachery, and one of the officers, in his indignation, drew a pistol and fired it at Ferrari's head.

"My brother, who was present, told me that Ferrari showed great presence of mind. The pistol flashed in the pan. Ferrari went up to the officer who had attempted his life, and without trying to disarm him, and without touching him, asked him coolly whether he was in his senses? He declared to him and to all present that if he had gone to the office of the minister of the police, it was because he had been taken there. He gave what appeared to be a very frank account of his examination, and ended by saying what was the exact truth, that being

already known to be in the habit of meeting officers to whom suspicion attached; he had been ordered to continue to meet them, and afterwards to communicate to the police whatever he learned from them. He showed, with much ingenuity, that the position which he had been absolutely forced to accept in connexion with the police might be turned to excellent account. He would be obliged to tell something; but he vowed that nothing should be extorted from him which could throw any real light on the proceedings of the secret society.

“The officers, all young, impulsive men, were ashamed of the hasty manner in which they had prejudged Ferrari, and now went to the other extreme, and believed every word he told them. The officer, however, who had fired the pistol at him—he was one of the leaders, and was ultimately executed with four others—still mistrusted him. ‘It was enough for him,’ he said, ‘that Ferrari had once been caught listening at a keyhole;

and he maintained that his conduct from the beginning had been all of a piece. If Ferrari was willing to deceive the minister he would be equally ready to deceive them ; and the minister,' he said, ' would make it worth his while to do so.'

"The rest of the story, Natasha, belongs to history. The Emperor Alexander died, and was succeeded by the Emperor Nicholas. Ferrari disappeared. The officers understood by various signs that their plot was discovered, and hastened the outbreak, of which Nicholas's accession to the throne in place of his elder brother Constantine was made the pretext. The cry of 'Constantine and Constitution' was raised ; and several regiments, in which the soldiers had been made to believe that 'Constitution' was the name of Constantine's wife, took part in the revolt. The Emperor Nicholas appeared in person to quell the rising, and to explain away the misunderstanding ; and order was restored. Then five of the ringleaders in the con-



spiracy were hanged, and many hundreds, including members of nearly every family of importance in Russia, were sent into exile. My brother and two of my cousins were among the number."

"And this horrible man?" inquired Nathalie.

"Ferrari? Oh, he had a commission given to him, decorations of all kinds, an estate, and a large sum of money. He claimed his wife, and the father had the satisfaction of reflecting that the daughter whom he would have refused to Ferrari, the poor music-master, could not be refused to Ferrari, the successful spy. I believe the poor woman had a large dowry; and every one concluded that it was for the dowry and nothing else that the Italian, in the first instance, had wished to marry her."

"What a dreadful story!"

"Yes; and you now understand why the name of Ferrari is not very popular in Russia. What Ferrari did in Poland I can-

not tell you. But I know that he served in one of the Polish regiments—more as a spy than as a soldier; I believe—and that he lived in Warsaw for many years, and married his second wife there. The Poles accuse him of having treated them much as he treated the Russians. I do not know what he did; and I cannot say that I particularly care. After pretending to be on the Polish side until the insurrection of 1830 actually broke out, I believe that at the last moment he betrayed the plans of the insurgents. That it served the Poles right I do not deny, but it does not make your Colonel Ferrari any the better. Oh, no! he was a bad man, and I detest every one connected with him.”

Nathalie remained silent.

“And the son?” she inquired, at last.

“Of the son,” answered the father, “you know at least as much as I do. He may be a very estimable person, but his name is Ferrari. He can make no career in Russia

except the one in which his father distinguished himself."

"But that is no doubt the reason why he will not live in Russia. You remember he said at the Exhibition that he had no intention of going back there?"

"That reason, or some other. But really, Nathalie, you seem to have been very attentive to what he said."


"Poor young man! He is in such an unfortunate position."

"The position his own father made for him."

The waiter now made his appearance once more, and said that M. Boutkovitch presented his compliments, and wished to know whether it would be agreeable to the general that he should do himself the honour to call on him at some other time.

"Oh! I had forgotten all about him," answered General Gontchalin. "Let him come up."

"I will go to my room, then," said Nathalie.



“Do so, by all means,” replied the general.  
“I don’t know what the fellow wants ; but he shan’t keep me long in any case.”

Nathalie went away, and Boutkovitch came in, smiling. Boutkovitch always smiled when he was in presence of his superiors, unless they were actually engaged in bullying him ; and he smiled more strongly than usual now, because, having been kept waiting some considerable time, he was afraid he might look annoyed.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### BOUTKOVITCH AT WORK.

“**W**ELL, Boutkovitch, you dog, what have you to say for yourself?” asked General Gontchalin.

“I have to say,” replied Boutkovitch, who, instead of taking offence at the term of endearment applied to him, looked much as a French grenadier might have done on having his ear pulled by Napoleon, “that London is a remarkable city.”

“That I already knew,” answered Gontchalin. “Is that all you have to tell me?”

“They talk of their freedom!” continued Boutkovitch, “but what a use they make of it! Why, London is nothing but a nest of conspirators!”

"Details!" said the general, stretching himself out on the sofa, as if fatigued by Boutkovitch's eloquence. "I want details," he repeated, drawing out and preparing to light a cigarette.

"Oh, general! allow me," exclaimed Boutkovitch. He wished to hold the match.

"Thank you. I can do it myself," said Gontchalin, motioning Boutkovitch to keep where he was.

"Men of high position," continued Boutkovitch, "men who have enjoyed the emperor's favour, and received decorations, are here associating with professed liberals, revolutionists, and all the basest of mankind."

Gontchalin, without taking his cigarette out of his mouth, made a sign of impatience to Boutkovitch. He cared nothing for Boutkovitch's reflections, but there are some men who *will* communicate to other men what other men don't want to hear. Boutkovitch was one of them.

"You would be really astonished if you


knew what was going on," persisted Boutkovitch. "Not to speak at present of the Russians, I was present last night, after leaving the opera, at a meeting of Poles. Some of the most distinguished of the Polish nobles were there."

"The Poles are all nobles," interrupted the general.

"As you are kind enough to say, they are all nobles, and I may add that they all deserve to be hanged. They are endeavouring now to unite with the revolutionists of Russia."

"The Poles in London," said Gontchalin, "are nearly all refugees, and we have no hold upon them. Your particular duty is to look after the Russians. Who are the men you speak of that occupy high positions, and have received favours from the emperor, and who are now plotting against him?"

"I have some of their names here," answered Boutkovitch. He produced a paper on which a number of names were written.



The general ran his eye hastily down the list.

“Three officers ; a couple of professors ; a landed proprietor—he has not much land, I should think, or if he has it is mortgaged beyond its value ; a civil functionary ; two journalists—ah ! they are a bad set, the journalists ; an artist ; artist in what, I wonder ? Artist in conspiracy, I suppose. Ah, well. There are at least two names here that I should not have expected to find.”

“Only two, general ? That is very few.”

“No, that is a great many. I thought I knew them all. And what have you to say about these men ?”

“That they go day after day to the house of Siegfried, where plots of all kinds and against all governments are hatched.”

“Siegfried is indeed a European revolutionist. He has earned his name. You are quite sure of Krasnievitch, the professor ?”



"Certain. I spoke to him there myself this very morning."

"And Captain Bagdanoff, of the engineers?"

"He was not there this morning, but he was the night before last."

General Gontchalin put marks to both these names.

"What is Major Schaflarik, by birth?"

"I do not quite know. His father was either a Pole or a Bohemian, but he calls himself a Russian. He is a red republican of the worst kind."

"I am aware of that. But he is only a talker. Well, then, it is quite certain that all these men go to Siegfried's."

"As to that, I am willing to swear to you, general."

"It is not at all necessary. You say you have seen every one of them there, do you?"

"Yes."

"That is enough."

General Gontchalin put into his pocket the list of men proscribed by his spy.

"Do you go to Siegfried's often?"

"From time to time."

"And do many Poles go there?"

"Nearly as many Poles as Russians. Major Schaflarik may almost pass for a Pole. A number of Jankowski's friends go there, and Jankowski himself is there every day. By the way, he knows that young man who was in the box with you last night."

"What! Ferrari?"

"Yes."

"I was just going to ask you about him. What does Jankowski say of him?"

"Jankowski, your excellency, is such a liar, that one can scarcely believe a word he utters."

"But what does he say?"

"Well, he said last night at the Polish club that Ferrari was not at all a bad person. But then he has illusions on all sorts of subjects; and if it suits him, or pleases

him to do so, does not object in the least to tell a falsehood."

"Oh! he says Ferrari is not at all a bad person, does he? That means, I suppose, that he sympathises with the Poles?"

"He is the son of Colonel Ferrari by the second wife, who was a Pole."

"Yes; and Polish mothers have Polish children. The young Ferrari, too, must have been brought up at Warsaw. His father remained there for many years after the insurrection of 1830."

"He was born a conspirator," said Boutkovitch, "and on both sides. And I dare say," he added, "his education has been worthy of his birth."

"And yet you can tell me nothing about him! A man named Ferrari in London, known to the revolutionists—known to every one, I should think, who once hears the name—and you can't tell me why he came, where he came from, what he is doing, what he means to do, or anything about

him! I can't make out how you employ your time. You learn nothing, absolutely nothing!"

"Pardon me, your excellency. The list of names. I have really not been idle."

"Names that I already knew."

"Forgive me, general. There were two in particular which I had the honour of submitting to you."


"Scoundrel! you dare to answer me!" exclaimed Gontchalin.

Boutkovitch remained silent; and then, seeing that the general was not enraged beyond all bounds, put on a sickly smile of submission and apology.

"I do not know what you do with yourself," said General Gontchalin, in a semi-pacified tone. "You spend your time in taverns, I believe, instead of going into society."

"Oh, general!" protested Boutkovitch.

"Yet," continued Gontchalin, "you have received the necessary introductions."



“And really I have profited by them,” said the spy. “I know every friend of Poland. They are not so numerous as they used to be ; but such as they are, I know them all, and visit them, and am asked to their houses, and help them to get up their little lotteries and their fancy fairs. And I have made the acquaintance of the great Siegfried. He hates introductions, and if I had brought him one, he probably would not have received me. So I called upon him, and said plainly that my name was Boutkovitch, and that one of my objects in coming to England was to pay him a visit ; and I can assure you we are very good friends indeed. I share his ideas on the subject of the peasantry, and he is good enough to say that I am one of the few men who understand him. No, general, I have not been idle, I can assure you. Besides, I have even found out one or two facts—little ones, but facts all the same—about this Ferrari.”

“Why did you not say so before ?”

“ Well, you — you scarcely allow me, general. Besides, I have not discovered anything very essential about his present position. It is only his past life that has been related to me—related to me by Jankowski, his intimate friend. It is a stupid story. He was at a gymnasium somewhere in the kingdom of Poland. It appears that the Ferraris are more detested in Poland than even in Russia—for which reason, young Ferrari, if he had any sense, would be on the Russian side. Instead of that the stupid fellow takes part with the Poles. Well, it seems that when he was at school some one spoke about his father, called him a traitor, and other pretty names, and so offended the son, that he went away, and could not be prevailed upon to return. He was sent to another gymnasium. There it was the same thing over again, only worse. He was asked how the son of Colonel Ferrari dared to show himself among the sons of brave men who had suffered for their country ; and a great

deal more in the same style. He left the second gymnasium."

"Poor fellow," said the general, "it was hard for him!"

"No doubt," replied the spy, "but whose fault was it?"

"I said it was hard for him!" cried the general, in an angry tone.

"I beg your pardon, general, if my observation had in any way the appearance of a contradiction. I assure you it was not intentional," pleaded Boutkovitch.

"Well, what is he doing in London? for that is all that concerns you, and that is the very thing you know nothing about?"

"That, your excellency, I shall soon discover. His friend Jankowski thinks of taking him to Siegfried's, and there he will no doubt speak."

"Speak! They do nothing but speak!" exclaimed Gontchalin.

"They will act before long, general."

"Then I shall know what to do. I shall

be a little more in my element than I am now," said Gontchalin, as if speaking to himself.

"I trust Natalia Ivanovna is well," said Boutkovitch, finding that the general had finished talking politics.

Boutkovitch called what he had been doing "talking politics," and considered himself, vaguely, "a political man."

"My daughter is in the enjoyment of excellent health," answered the general.

Then, after a moment's hesitation, Boutkovitch said, "I believe I am allowed the privilege of drawing upon you, general. Could you let me have a hundred pounds?"

"What have you done with the money you received last month through the embassy?" asked Gontchalin.

"It was all spent, your excellency; honestly spent, every farthing of it. I lent fifty pounds to the landlord of the house where the Poles hold their meetings."

"Lent?"



"Well, I shall never get it back. But if I had offered it to him as a present he might have thought I wanted to bribe him. As it is, he merely considers himself my debtor. But he feels much obliged to me, and is entirely at my service. Had it not been for me his furniture would have been sold."

"And the Poles would have had to find another place of meeting?"

"Exactly."

"But you had two hundred pounds, did you not?"

"Certainly, general; and I rendered a full account of it to the first secretary. Everything was as it ought to be. There was not one item to object to. Donations to the Literary Society of the Friends of Poland; dinners offered to and accepted by enthusiastic partisans of the Polish cause; subscriptions and donations to various English charities; loans to Russian, Polish, Italian, and Hungarian refugees. I lent from a shilling to half a sovereign a-piece, according to

their importance and ferocity, to at least a hundred of them ; and would you believe it, general, I only received five shillings back, and that was from a man who wanted to borrow ten the next day !”

“ But they will want funds if they are really bent on action. They must be mad to think of getting up an insurrection without a farthing of money.”

“ Ah, general ! it is precisely because they have no money, and because they hope to steal some, that they get up such things at all ; their first step will be to rob the treasury. As for supporting an insurrection, their idea is that an insurrection should support itself.”

“ Here is your hundred pounds,” said Gontchalin. He took a blank cheque out of his pocket-book, filled it up for the sum mentioned, and handed it to Boutkovitch. He then rose from his seat, and the spy, seeing that he was expected to go, went.



## CHAPTER IX.

### FERRARI THE YOUNGER.

**W**HILE the general was listening to the more or less important revelations made to him by Boutkovitch, Nathalie, in the next room, had been reading a letter which had been given to her by her maid, which had been given to the maid by the waiter in attendance upon the Gontchalins, which had been given to the waiter by Stanislas Ferrari, together with necessary instructions and an equally necessary half-crown. The instructions had been faithfully acted up to, and the letter, in less than five minutes after Ferrari had left the hotel, was in Nathalie's hands.

"Natalia Ivanovna!" it began, "I take

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"Natalia!" it began, "I take

father was privately advised by the head-master to take me away from the school.


"I need not say that I was by no means sorry to leave, and for two years I led a comparatively happy life. I continued my studies at home with a private tutor, and though I had no society I did not regret it. I was at least free from taunts.

"At the end of two years I was sent to the university of Kieff—which, as you probably know, is attended by Russians and Poles in about equal numbers. There—though, to tell you the truth, I have never, with some remarkable exceptions, liked the Russians—I thought that my only chance of being left in peace lay in associating with them, and avoiding altogether the society of the Poles. But I soon discovered that my name was equally hateful to the Russians—you, as a Russian, will not need to be told why. After spending one miserable year at the university, I left it, as I had left the gymnasium, and returned to Warsaw. As

my quarrel at Kieff had been with a Russian, and as it had led to a regular conflict, in which he was wounded, I was better received in Warsaw than I had expected. I made a few friends among my poor mother's relations. But it was evident, all the same, that they were ashamed of me ; and when my mother died, now six years ago, I resolved to leave Warsaw altogether.

"I have no more to say except to entreat you once more to pardon the liberty I have taken in writing to you, and to endeavour, if you should ever by chance think of me at all, not to think of me with contempt."

Perhaps if Nathalie had felt quite sure that an answer would reach Ferrari without the possibility of its falling into any one else's hands, she would have committed the impropriety of sending him one word of consolation. As it was, she read the letter with much sympathy, carefully observed the address, read the letter again, and then, that



no one else might ever see it, threw it into the fire.

As for Stanislas, as soon as he had delivered his letter into the hands of the waiter, he went to call on his friend Janowski, who had promised to take him that day to the house of Siegfried, the revolutionist.





## CHAPTER X.

LEON JANKOWSKI.

**J**ANKOWSKI was the type of the poetical revolutionist; aspiring and more or less ambitious, but full of the spirit of self-sacrifice, careless of material things, and ready to credit all the men of his own party with the same noble qualities that he himself possessed. He was the son of a refugee, and knew Poland only by imagination. He had studied it in the pages of the Polish poets, and believed all his countrymen to be heroes and all his countrywomen saints. Every insurgent who perished, either on the scaffold or on the field of battle, was, in Jankowski's eyes, a martyr, whose blood was destined to fertilize the

their importance and ferocity, to at least a hundred of them ; and would you believe it, general, I only received five shillings back, and that was from a man who wanted to borrow ten the next day !”

“ But they will want funds if they are really bent on action. They must be mad to think of getting up an insurrection without a farthing of money.”

“ Ah, general ! it is precisely because they have no money, and because they hope to steal some, that they get up such things at all ; their first step will be to rob the treasury. As for supporting an insurrection, their idea is that an insurrection should support itself.”

“ Here is your hundred pounds,” said Gontchalin. He took a blank cheque out of his pocket-book, filled it up for the sum mentioned, and handed it to Boutkovitch. He then rose from his seat, and the spy, seeing that he was expected to go, went.



## CHAPTER IX.

### FERRARI THE YOUNGER.

**W**HILE the general was listening to the more or less important revelations made to him by Boutkovitch, Nathalie, in the next room, had been reading a letter which had been given to her by her maid, which had been given to the maid by the waiter in attendance upon the Gontchalins, which had been given to the waiter by Stanislas Ferrari, together with necessary instructions and an equally necessary half-crown. The instructions had been faithfully acted up to, and the letter, in less than five minutes after Ferrari had left the hotel, was in Nathalie's hands.


"Natalia Ivanovna!" it began, "I take

Legion of Honour, given to his grandfather by Napoleon during the campaign of 1812 ; a cross of black wood inlaid with Siberian stones, which his brother (exiled at the age of sixteen, for cutting out "Poland is not lost!" on a desk at school) had sent him from Irkutsk ; a bust of the poet Miłkiewicz ; a gigantic silver goblet of ancient Polish fashion ; and a Turkish pistol brought back by one of his ancestors from the battle of Vienna.

He had an engraving, too, representing the battle of Vienna, in which the said ancestor is seen, with a lance three times his own height, taking orders from Sobieski, who points to the grand vizier's tent, and tells him to charge to that point and plant his lance in the ground.

"And after that?" asks the impetuous officer of lancers.


"After that," replies Sobieski, "you will do what you like. The battle will be at an end."



There was another engraving, of which the subject was the death of the Hetman Zolkiewski, who, before expiring from his wounds, had his war-horse brought to his bedside, threw his arms round the faithful animal's neck, and embraced it.

Of course, too, there was a portrait of Kosciuszko.

Stanislas Ferrari had met Jankowski in the library of the British Museum—that great resort of students, book-makers, and men without sitting-rooms. They had dined together, too, at various restaurants, each paying for his own dinner, after the unsociable manner of those who can neither afford to give nor to accept favours. But this was the first time that Ferrari had entered Jankowski's apartments. He came there by appointment, and for the express purpose, it will be remembered, of accompanying Jankowski to the house of Siegfried the revolutionist.



Stanislas was much interested by the various Polish objects which adorned the walls of his friend's room.

"They are my household gods," said Jankowski. "I brought them here from Paris, and before I went to Paris I had them with me at Metz. I take them with me everywhere."

Leon Jankowski had been a pupil at the military school of Metz, where a certain number of Poles are admitted by special favour, and where he had pursued his studies with the direct object of qualifying himself to serve his country in the first insurrection that might break out.

"The only country in which you would not be allowed to have them, then," said Ferrari, "is Poland itself."

"I hope to take the flag there before very long," said Jankowski; "and above all the sabre."

"What is this goblet?" asked Ferrari, taking it up and examining it.

"It does not accord, perhaps, very well with the other relics," answered Jankowski; "but it is one of the loving cups of our ancestors' feasts. You know that every guest was expected to empty it as it was passed round. It is a legend in our family that this immense cup was once emptied so neatly and so rapidly, that my great-grandfather, to whom it belonged, complimented the performer of the feat on his skill and prowess.

" 'I was afraid I should not be able to manage it,' said the guest; 'but I practised with a goblet of the same size just before I came in.' "

"There is very little of that sort of thing going on in Poland now," observed Ferrari. "Our forefathers, under those sensual Saxon kings, seem to have drunk their own share of wine and ours also."

Jankowski had noticed before that Ferrari spoke of himself as a Pole, which, through his mother, and by his birthplace and earliest

associations, he in fact was. He was a genuine Pole, too, in his hatred of the Russian government, which he chiefly detested because his father had sold himself to it.

"You have never been to our coenaculum?" said Jankowski, preparing to go out. "I must take you there some night. You will see the Poles of the democratic party. They are very well-meaning fellows, but rather hot-headed and fond of violent measures."

"I know them," said Ferrari. "They would destroy the good with the bad, as the aristocrats would preserve the bad with the good."

"Ah! you are cynical!" exclaimed Jankowski.

"No; but I have lived in Poland. The democrats are lawless and unscrupulous, and think they can make the peasantry fight by giving them the proprietors' land. The aristocrats are cold and selfish, and would rather remain the slaves of Russia than surrender




even a portion of their estates. The end of it will be that the peasantry will not fight at all, or certainly not on *our* side."

"Diogenes Ferrari!" exclaimed Jankowski. "All Poland will rise like one man!"

"We shall see," replied Ferrari. "Yes, *I* shall," he added, observing that Jankowski seemed rather astonished. "I am tired of doing nothing; tired of my name; and a little bit tired of my life."

"That is not exactly the spirit in which you should lay it down," said Jankowski; "but your resolution is a good one all the same, and I congratulate you on having adopted it." He shook Ferrari warmly by the hand, and the two friends walked out together in the direction of Chelsea, where the great revolutionist, Siegfried, lived.

Jankowski did not mind engaging in a little attempt to subvert the power of the Russian empire, but he had not the least idea of walking from Soho Square to Chelsea. Still less did he think of going to his desti-



nation in one of those "hearses for the living," as the author of "George Geith" calls omnibuses. He hailed a "hansom," a style of equipage, which, if not positively aristocratic, is at least not ignoble, and is moreover very convenient, and in twenty minutes the two young men found themselves at Siegfried's door.



## CHAPTER XI.

### SIEGFRIED, THE REVOLUTIONIST.

“**I**S Mr. Siegfried at home?” asked Jankowski.

“Come in, sir, please,” said the servant; “he is expecting you.”

The man showed Jankowski and Ferrari into a room on the ground floor, which was full of newspapers, reviews, pamphlets, addresses, and other literary missiles.

This, in fact, was Siegfried’s revolutionary arsenal. In one corner of the room Ferrari saw a pile of neatly-folded journals—copies of a paper published by Siegfried in the Russian and French languages, under the title of “The Tongue.” On the table was a pamphlet (in French) on “The Organization

of Humanity," and a number of little oblong packets of an address called "Man and the Soil," in which the question whether man was made for the soil or the soil for man, was debated and decided, emphatically and epigrammatically, in favour of man. This address was in the Russian language, and was intended for transmission to Russia and circulation among Russians of all classes.

In another corner of the room was a quantity of sardine boxes, placed side by side, and one above another, like bricks, and forming a well-built metal tower which reached nearly to the ceiling.

In a third corner were some hundreds of cigar boxes; and cigar boxes and sardine boxes were also arranged along the shelves of a large bookcase.

A cigar box containing cigars was open on the table, and Siegfried as he came in took out a handful and offered them to Jankowski and Ferrari. "This is the friend you were speaking to me of?" he said to Jankowski.

"I am glad to see you," he added, addressing Ferrari, and shaking him by the hand. "You were looking at my stores, and wondering whether I was going to set up as a grocer or a tobacconist, were you not?"


Ferrari confessed that he could not quite understand the sardines and the cigars.

"There are not quite so many sardines and cigars in the boxes as you might imagine," said Siegfried. "You have not told him?" he said to Jankowski.

"No," answered Jankowski; "we had only just arrived when you came in."

"I will show you," said Siegfried. "It is a good joke." He took one of the cigar boxes from the pile in the corner, raised the lid, and showed Ferrari that it was full of "Tongues."

"My agent," he said, "will pay three roubles a box duty for this collection of 'The Tongue,' which will pass through the custom-house at St. Petersburg as so much manufactured tobacco."



"Is there no danger of their being opened?" asked Ferrari.

"Not much; the custom-house will be glad to get its three roubles a box, and perhaps the clerk will receive a few roubles for himself on condition of passing them quickly. The sardine boxes were the safest; no one thought of searching a sardine box. But unfortunately they are now looked upon with suspicion in Russia."

"Ever since Dourakoff's breakfast," remarked Jankowski.

"General Dourakoff," said Siegfried, "was in command at Kieff. He gave a choice entertainment to a dozen of the principal officials and dignitaries of the town on the occasion of the emperor's name's day, and superintended the preparations for it himself. At the last moment he found that he had forgotten the *hors d'œuvre*. He sent his servant—a Cossack, as obedient as a circus dog, and about as intelligent—to buy some sardines and olives, and told him to open the

sardine box with a chisel, and put the contents on two plates, which he was to place at the top and bottom of the table.

“The Cossack had been taught to do as he was told without asking questions ; and he accordingly opened the sardine box with a chisel, took out the contents, put them on two plates, and placed one plate at the top and the other at the bottom of the table. He was acting by direct orders of the General, and none of the waiters dared to interfere with him. The guests took their seats, and some of them stared at the Cossack’s *hors d’œuvres*, and at last began to ask one another what they could be.

“One thought they were poems in honour of the emperor, whose name’s day they had met to celebrate. Another was of opinion that they must be bills of fare. They could not contain sweetmeats ? No one would wrap up sweetmeats in printed paper !

““What have we here, general ?” said the governor of the town, at last.

“‘I really do not know,’ answered Dourakoff, who was of course as much puzzled as any one.

“The governor took up one of the printed papers, unfolded it, and read, ‘Organisation of Humanity.’ Dourakoff at the same time unfolded one of my addresses, and exclaimed aloud, ‘Man and the Soil.’

“‘Who has dared to place these infamous things on the table?’ roared Dourakoff.

“In the meanwhile the guests at the other end had attacked the other plate, and were eagerly devouring my journal.

“‘Who has dared to do it?’ roared Dourakoff again. ‘There is a conspiracy in the town! That such a thing should happen on the emperor’s name’s day, above all!’

“The Cossack marched up to the general, halted, saluted, and said—

“‘It was I, general, who bought the sardines. Your excellency deigned to order me to do so.’



“ ‘Who is speaking of sardines?’ replied the general. ‘Go away!’

“The Cossack saluted and went away.

“ ‘Who placed these papers on the table?’ cried Dourakoff, once more; and once more the Cossack advanced, saluted, and said—

“ ‘It was I, general.’

“ ‘What did you place on the table, block-head?’ inquired Dourakoff.

“ ‘The sardines,’ answered the Cossack. ‘The sardines that your excellency deigns to hold in his hand, and which he was graciously pleased to read just now.’

“ ‘Oh!’ said the general, ‘you mean to say that these papers were in the sardine box, and that you thought they were fish?’

“ ‘I am in fault, your excellency; but I make bold to say that every kind of fish that swims in the Dnieper is familiar to me, and that I know other kinds which inhabit the Don. Your excellency deigned to order me to buy a box of sardines, and to place the


contents on two plates. Your excellency has a portion of the contents before him.'

" 'Go to the man,' said the general; 'who sold them to you, and bring him back with you. Let him remain in the guard-house until I am ready to question him.'

"When breakfast was over the general and the civil governor subjected the tradesman to an examination, with the view of discovering where his literary sardines came from."

"And did they discover your channel?" asked Ferrari.

"No," answered Siegfried; "that was impossible. But I do not know how the affair ended. I heard what took place at the breakfast from an officer who was present, and who actually sat next Dourakoff. As for the sardines, I believe they were grilled without pepper and salt; that is to say, they were thrown into the fire and burned. I dare say numbers of sardine boxes have been opened since then, and found to contain sardines and nothing else."



"We ought to publish an account of the affair in 'The Tongue,' Jankowski," he added. "What do you say?"

"I say," answered Jankowski, "that you ought to start a new paper and call it 'The Sardine,' to indicate the secret and surreptitious nature of its circulation."

"Ah," said Siegfried, "we are joking about very serious matters. When did you leave Warsaw?" he added, turning to Ferrari.

"I left Warsaw six years ago," replied Ferrari.

"Six years ago! And where have you been since then?"

"In London."

"But how is it we never saw you?"

Ferrari said he had often wished to call, but that he had never ventured to do so, not knowing whether Siegfried might not feel the same prejudice against him that his name inspired other persons with.

"My dear friend," said Siegfried, "you do me a great injustice if you think me capable


of such a thing. Some of my countrymen—and you, too,” he added, looking at Jankowski—“are most unreasonable. They wish to be free, as some one said, and they will not be just. You, Jankowski, are an aristocrat——”

“No, indeed,” protested Jankowski.

“Yes, you are. All you Poles are, at heart. Even the revolutionists of the extreme party dream, not of a true democracy, but of a vast democratic nobility. You can’t help it. It is some fault in the blood. But, I was going to say, if we Russian democrats refuse to respect a man for his parentage, we ought also to take care, if we wish to be logical, that we do not make his parentage a ground for thinking badly of him. Believe me, I judge of you not by your name, but by what our common friend, Jankowski, has told me about you.”

“You are exceedingly kind,” said Ferrari.

“It is for me to prove what I am when the opportunity presents itself.”



"That is well said. But, never mind. Tell me what you have been doing in London?"

"I have been studying English, English literature, and English affairs."

"Very good! If you could only teach the English how to abolish proletarianism, and its natural child, pauperism, you would make England a great country."

"Their labourers are indeed very wretched."

"They are not much better cared for than serfs. The law, it is true, is open to them; and so also is the workhouse. But the proprietors themselves are well off, and agriculture flourishes as an art, and the English are convinced that their agricultural system is the finest in the whole world. So you do not know what is going on in Poland?" he added. "Have you any relations there?"

"Yes; I have some relations at Warsaw. But they never write to me."

"No, it is dangerous to write from Poland; and it is still more dangerous to write *to* Poland. I mean, of course, for those who


receive the letters, unless you have a very good system of cipher."

"I never thought of anything of that kind," said Ferrari.

"Did you not!" exclaimed Siegfried. "Then you are very wrong. I dare say you know half a dozen systems, Jankowski?"

"I know how to ask whether a man has been arrested without saying it in so many words," answered Jankowski. "And if I am told that he is ill, or very ill, I know what that means; and if he is 'very ill indeed,' I know that he is on the point of being sent to Siberia."

"Yes; but by this time I should think the police must understand that also," replied Siegfried. "Every one uses that method. No," he said; "a letter sent from Poland should be written in cipher. A letter sent to Poland ought not to be written in cipher, lest it should compromise the person receiving it, though sometimes that risk must be run; and a letter in unintelligible cipher



cannot at least do so much harm as one written in plain Russian or Polish. My correspondents sometimes write in parables; but the worst of that plan is, that if the clue to one single passage be found, the whole can be understood."

"The great difficulty," said Jankowski, "is to use the telegraph."

"Yet," answered Siegfried, "I will engage to telegraph to a correspondent at St. Petersburg, Warsaw, or wherever you please, and say to him whatever I want to say without exciting the least suspicion. I choose a man of business, send him, through a clerk, what appears to be a business télégram, and the thing passes. Commercial messages are never objected to and never delayed in transmission. Commerce is so sensitive. It is easily frightened, and once driven away never returns. 'What is the price of cotton-wool?' or 'I did not receive the iron,' may mean anything that has been previously agreed upon. No! the Russian government must destroy the

telegraphs and railways which connect Russia with the west of Europe, or resign itself to the admission of revolutionary ideas. It will not reckon with them, and yield a little, while appearing to yield a great deal, like this English government—which, whatever else may be said against it, at least understands the English people—and for that reason it will, sooner or later, be subverted. The sooner the better.”


“Not in our time, however,” said Ferrari.

“Do you think not?” asked Siegfried.

“But it is very corrupt, very rotten, and that is only another way of saying that it is very feeble. If the Russians and the Poles only understand one another it is doomed.”

“They will understand one another,” said Ferrari, “like the two dogs in your Russian fable, who quarrelled as soon as they had a bone to fight for. The Russians and Poles will also have their bone of contention.”

“Our object at all events must be to keep them on good terms,” answered Siegfried.





"Otherwise there will be no hope for either."

"Ferrari is cynical, or at least sceptical ; that is his only fault," remarked Jankowski.

"No ; I think not," replied Ferrari. "But I do not believe that you can overcome difficulties by shutting your eyes and refusing to look at them."

It struck Ferrari that Siegfried had been so long away from Russia, and had written and thought so much of some future and ideal Russia, that he had lost all true conception of his country as it really existed. Jankowski's Poland was the Poland of the books he had read ; Siegfried's Russia the Russia of the books he had written. Siegfried, it was true, had numbers of correspondents in his own country, who visited him when they came to England, and often came to England for the express purpose of doing so. But they were all men who thought as he thought ; because, carried

away by his eloquence, they had adopted his ideas. They were men of his own creation. He saw no others, and thought his disciples much more numerous than they were. He moreover mistook for disciples by conviction those who were only disciples for the sake of fashion—for it was at that time the fashion in Russia to read and quote Siegfried. It was also the fashion to visit him at his abode in London; and Siegfried received all who came to consult him and do him homage, as a professor of the middle ages received students from distant countries who came to him to learn the truth.

Among those who had come to Siegfried to learn the truth, was Boutkovitch, who, as soon as he learned it, or any portion of it, was in the habit, as the reader is already aware, of communicating it freely to his superiors in the Russian service.



## CHAPTER XII.

### SIEGFRIED'S RECEPTION.

**V**ISITORS now began to drop in at the house of the great revolutionist, who, accompanied by Jankowski and Ferrari, went into his drawing-room to receive them. Some were genuine revolutionists, men, whose shaggy beards and uncombed hair were in themselves protests against the existing order of society; while others were merely men without a profession, without an income, and with a talent for intrigue, who had become revolutionists, as men of fortune and position in England become legitimate politicians. Most of these intriguers, whose one object in revolution was so to turn the

world that they should be uppermost, were also unkempt and unshorn, and were attired in the height of the revolutionary fashion—for the revolutionists have also their fashions in dress, being in this and in many other respects quite as conventional as those whose conventions they despise.

Nearly all these political Bohemians carried wide-awakes instead of hats; doubtless because it is impossible to put on or take off a wide-awake without disarranging, that is to say, without giving a revolutionary appearance to, the hair.

One man who inveighed against the clergy of all creeds and countries, and who preached himself every Thursday, was clean shaved and attired like a priest.

A few scrupulously well-dressed men seemed to be attempting the part of the revolutionary nobles in France immediately before 1789. They denied that the proprietor had any right to his land, and laughed at titles, though their own, sur-

mounted by coronets, were engraved on their visiting cards. They wished it to be understood that they were not as other revolutionists, and that they had, at least, something to lose.


There were two or three practical historical revolutionists, who had led armies and governed cities, and acted as ministers in Italy, Hungary, and Germany, during the revolutionary period of 1848.

There was one Russian proprietor, who had given pledges to the revolution. In his enthusiasm he had abandoned his estate absolutely to his peasantry, and it was said had not benefited them by the gift. However, the remarkable thing about him was that he was penniless by his own deliberate will. He had a kind, gentle manner in ordinary conversation, but the look of a fanatic when he was heated by argument.

There were two Poles who had fought together—that is to say, one against the other—at the battle of Castelfidardo. One

was a democrat and a red republican, the other an aristocrat and a staunch supporter of the Pope. The republican fanatic, on taking the other fanatic prisoner, had, it was said, caned him with his own hand, as a man who, by fighting on behalf of tyranny, had sullied the Polish name. This story, however, invented by the Poles of the extreme party, in order to bring a member of one of the great Polish families into contempt, was a mere calumny.

Count Konradin, the aristocratic Pole, had come to Siegfried's to see whether there was any possibility of entering into relations and forming a compact with the democrats. He was first cousin to Jankowski, who introduced him to Ferrari. Ferrari found him very simple, very unpretending, and a thorough enthusiast. He had mistaken the Pope's mercenaries for a legion of Crusaders, and General Lamoricière for Godfroi de Bouillon. In other respects he was a very charming and intelligent young



man. *Un peu trop aristocrate*, according to Siegfried, but that was all.

There was a Moldavian, who had learnt a few revolutionary phrases by heart, and was never tired of repeating them.

There were three or four Russian officers, who, accused of revolutionary propagandism, had thought it prudent to fly from Russia, and who were now completely ruined, and would have starved had not Siegfried found them work—one as a clerk, another as a teacher, another as a compositor in a printing office.

There were also some mere rogues—defaulters or fraudulent bankrupts, who claimed to have committed political offences. All this heterogeneous mass simmered, stewed, and boiled, as Siegfried stirred it. Every one spoke at once, and the room was full of a hoarse murmur of many voices. But while the conversation took the form of a chorus, in which no two parts seemed to harmonize, one striking solo was always


### THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

being performed by Siegfried, whose ringing, resonant voice was heard above all the others.

Ferrari got into conversation with an Englishman. He was a political writer named Wigram, and belonged to a society for befriending Poland, by arming it from time to time against Russia. Ferrari found that he had a great admiration for insurrections, provided they were carried on abroad. He seemed to think that revolution was a nice thing for foreigners.

Ferrari told him, as a Pole, from Poland, that an insurrection in that country would have no chance of success, and that only a small class of Poles would join it; but Wigram proved to him that he knew nothing about it, and that too close an observer necessarily saw nothing.

"This is not much like the head-quarters of a conspirator," said Ferrari, to his friend Jankowski. "If there were more order it would be like a public meeting."





"Oh, there is no regular conspiracy—nothing organized, that is to say—going on here," answered Jankowski. "Revolutionary conversazioni are held, that is all. Siegfried's place may also be looked upon as a house of call for revolutionists. But here come some regular conspirators," he continued, as the door opened, and Boutkovitch entered with three or four friends from the Polish tavern, including the black man and the president of the association or club.

"Well, Boutkovitch," said Siegfried. "I thought we should not see you to-day. Why, you have brought the whole cabinet with you. You come like a sovereign accompanied by your ministers."

"These gentlemen," answered Boutkovitch, "are ministers not of a monarchy but of a republic, or rather of a provisional government under whose auspices a republic is to be formed."

"I know that man," said Ferrari, to Jankowski.

Boutkovitch, at the same time, seeing that Ferrari recognized him, went up to him and said—

“Good-morning. Have you seen the general to-day?”

When two men have a friend in common, one of them never meets the other without asking some question about the common friend.

However, in bringing forward the name of the general, Boutkovitch knew perfectly well that Ferrari had not seen him. He saw that Ferrari looked surprised, and he wanted, by surprising him still more, to do away with the cause of his surprise.

“Do you know them well?” asked Boutkovitch. “Charming girl, the daughter!”

“I never saw them before,” answered Ferrari. “At least I had only seen them once, and that was yesterday morning, when I met them by chance at the Exhibition.”

"Did he tell you anything about the state of affairs at St. Petersburg?" inquired Boutkovitch.

"I did not dream of asking him," said Ferrari, looking at Boutkovitch with an air of distrust.

"Of course you did not let him know that you were in the habit of coming here?"

"I never was here before."

"How strange that we should have met. We understand one another now."

Ferrari looked at Boutkovitch, as if to say that he did not understand him at all.

"I also am a Pole," said Boutkovitch. "Et ego in Poloniâ!" He held out his hand, which Ferrari, not liking to refuse, accepted.

"I do not like that man," he said immediately afterwards to Jankowski. "There is something crooked about him."

"On the contrary," said Jankowski, "he is exceedingly straightforward."

"I saw him yesterday evening at the

opera, in the box of the Russian general I spoke to you of."

"Oh! as for that, if you are going to mistrust every one who happens to know a Russian general, you will not have much confidence in any of us. We all know Russian generals, and must continue to know them until the outbreak actually takes place."

"But he is a Russian."

"Nonsense! he is from Lithuania. Ask the general; only do not let him know that you met him here, and do not let him know that you have been here yourself."

"I do not visit the general," said Ferrari. "I called on him to-day, but he would not receive me."

"Boutkovitch," continued that person's defender, "knows numbers of men in the Russian service, and it is absolutely necessary that we should be kept informed as to what measures are being taken against us."

Boutkovitch put an end to this conversation by going up to Jankowski, and asking him to introduce him to his cousin, Count Konradin, who had distinguished himself on the wrong side in Italy.

Boutkovitch formed the acquaintance of about half a dozen other men, to each of whom he offered a card, receiving from each a card in return. He gave all these cards the same evening to General Gontchalin.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### POLITICS OF THE FUTURE.

**J**ANKOWSKI had presented Ferrari to the two appointed ministers of the future provisional government, under whose direction the future republic was to be formed. The black man was the minister of finance, and he had so little pride about him that he borrowed half-a-crown from Jankowski to pay his cab home.

The president of the Polish club was the minister of the interior. He had declared his prejudice against all who bore the name of Ferrari the night before, and for that reason Jankowski made a point of introducing his friend to him.

"When you know them and they know

you, you will find them very good fellows," said Jankowski, aside. "Rather free and easy, but well meaning men all the same."

"Where is the minister of war?" asked Ferrari.

"He has stopped at home. He has an article to write, or a poem, or something of that kind. We will pay him a visit," said Jankowski, "as we go home;" and on leaving Siegfried's the two friends called at a house in a little street near Soho Square, where they found the minister of war denouncing the Emperor of Russia in prose and verse. He was writing, not for Siegfried, but for some publisher who brought out revolutionary works merely as a commercial speculation. His contributions were to be paid for on delivery; and his wife, who did not possess the proverbial beauty of the Polish ladies, was urging him to finish them as rapidly as possible.

Jankowski asked the minister to come out for a stroll. But the minister's wife declared

that until he had finished his "Ode to Liberty" he should not stir.

Jankowski assured Ferrari that the minister of war was a very excellent and able person; but Ferrari said to himself all the same, and hinted something of the kind to Jankowski, that if he had not had the misfortune to inherit the name of a spy, he should take very good care not to mix himself up with such a forlorn cause as this which his friend was so gaily and so light-heartedly adopting.

Jankowski in the mean while, however, believed seriously and religiously in the efficacy of the preparations that were being made for the liberation of his country. Before leaving Ferrari he made him promise to come that evening at eight o'clock to the Polish club, where an assembly was to be held for the purpose of assigning positive functions to those ready to undertake them. He showed him the place of meeting, instructed him in the mystery of the three



taps (one ; one, two ; one, two, three) ; and communicated to him the watchword of the night.

On hearing the progressive series of knocks, some one inside would say, "Vivat Polonia !" to which Ferrari was to reply, "In sæcula sæculorum !"

Ferrari made his appearance at the appointed hour, and having gained admittance by the means prescribed, was presented to the society by Jankowski and Count Konradin, who acted as his political and revolutionary sponsors. Jankowski had already explained to the members that Ferrari's name, instead of being against him, was very much in his favour. It was a name already tarnished, which Ferrari, with an unsullied personal reputation, was resolved to make bright.

Count Konradin, who was a great believer in the moral influence of descent, maintained the same generous view.

"I," he said, "am bound in a certain way to my ancestors. But I could do things, nevertheless, without disgracing my name, which a Ferrari, aspiring to the character of an honourable man, dare not think of doing."

Ferrari was then admitted to the doubtful advantages of membership. The rules of the society were explained to him. One of them was very simple and intelligible: that any member committing a breach of confidence of any description would be sentenced to death; and the members bound themselves individually and collectively not to impede but to aid in executing the sentence.

Ferrari, being well acquainted with Warsaw, was ordered to proceed there without delay, and to report his arrival by telegraph. The message was to be directed to a Polish bootmaker in Long Acre, who was to be informed of the price of leather. Ferrari was to assume the character of a commercial traveller in leather; and he was provided

with a little vocabulary, in which the words commonly used in the leather trade were made to correspond with others that might be useful in the revolutionary trade which he was just adopting. "Leather," stood for Ferrari himself. Thus, "The leather has arrived," would mean "I have arrived." "The leather must be paid for"—"I want money."



## CHAPTER XIV.

### A DANCING SPY.

**N**ATHALIE spent a very pleasant time in London. She went everywhere, saw everything, and made many purchases. At a ball given at the Russian embassy she laid the foundation of invitations to several other balls. She dressed, danced, and was happy.

At the Russian ball Boutkovitch was present. He had promised his Polish friends to get a card for it, so that he might be able to pick up as much as possible of the latest Russian news ; but he was really there (as he himself might have put it) "to represent the interests of the Russian government." He came, saw, listened, and went away,

pretending, after the manner of spies—perhaps really believing—that he had heard much more than had actually reached his ears.

He spoke to Nathalie, who, however, received him very coldly, and successfully repelled the little attentions with which he ventured to assail her.

He told the general that it was absolutely necessary he should dance ; that he could not spend the whole evening in the refreshment room ; and that to walk about the ball-room doing nothing, and knowing next to no one, looked odd, and rendered it impossible for him to gain the confidence which he might otherwise inspire. The general spoke to the ambassador about it ; and one of the secretaries introduced Boutkovitch to an English young lady, who afterwards told her mamma that she had been dancing with a very distinguished person whose breast was covered with decorations. This was perfectly true.

Boutkovitch knew that Count Konradin could not avoid being present at the ball, and he tried to induce Jankowski to leave a card at the embassy, that he also might receive an invitation. Jankowski, however, refused to do anything of the kind. He even endeavoured to persuade his cousin not to go. But Konradin did not think it prudent to stop away. He and his family had large estates in Poland, and he held, that instead of assuming the attitude of a sulky revolutionist, his proper course was to put on a white cravat and appear for half an hour in the ambassador's ball-room. Jankowski called him a Jesuit; but the count did not mind that.

As Boutkovitch already knew Konradin, he could watch him, follow him about, and speak to him from time to time, without appearing very impertinent or indiscreet. Konradin did not like Boutkovitch, partly from an aristocratic prejudice, because he could not make out to what family he be-

longed, and partly from the natural antipathy felt for a vulgar man by a man of refinement; but he conversed with him, and for the sake of the cause in which, as he believed, they were both engaged, made strenuous efforts to show him some politeness.

Boutkovitch's chief occupation consisted in observing who were Count Konradin's most intimate acquaintances. The Russians who seemed very familiar with him were put down in Boutkovitch's list as "suspicious," the Poles as "compromised." Once, when Konradin was looking for the couple who were to dance *vis-à-vis* to him, an utterly imprudent Polish officer said to him with a smile, "*Quosne quæris?*" from which Boutkovitch justly inferred that he must know something about the Polish club, and informed against him accordingly.

On the whole Boutkovitch found the ball exceedingly dull—perhaps because there were not enough spies present, so that he was left without congenial society. It

amused him, however, to see Count Konradin exchanging compliments with Gontchalin and the ambassador, when both of them knew perfectly well that he was connected with a plot for raising the standard of insurrection in Poland.

Konradin danced several times with Nathalie, until at last Boutkovitch said to himself, "I really shouldn't wonder if she were in the conspiracy also. At all events she is very fond of the society of conspirators. If I found that she had anything to do with it I would inform against her directly. That I would—as soon as look at her."

Yet Nathalie was very pretty, and Boutkovitch looked at her a great deal.

After the ball Boutkovitch had to "work," as he called it, with General Gontchalin. That is to say, he had to communicate to the general the result of his latest observations, so that they might be embodied in a report which his excellency proposed to send off by



the courier who was to leave London for St. Petersburg at seven o'clock that very morning.

The Russian minister of police had already received a general account of the proceedings of the refugees and others in London, and had telegraphed for "details and more names." Accordingly, a complete list of the principal persons who attended Siegfried's receptions and the meetings of the Polish Society, which Boutkovitch was now able to furnish, was really very valuable to the general, and helped him to keep up his credit as a loyal subject and a sharp observer.

The latest edition of the list included, besides the names of Count Konradin, Stanislas Ferrari, and Leon Jankowski (late student at the military school of Metz), that of the officer who had said "*Quosne quæris?*" at the ball, and a few others.

It so happened that Ferrari left for Warsaw and the cabinet courier for St. Petersburg

by the same train. A few hours after the arrival of the courier, secret and confidential orders were sent to all the frontier towns of Poland and Russia to arrest any and all of the persons named on Gontchalin's list who might present themselves with a view to entering Russia, or for any other purpose.



## CHAPTER XV.

### FERRARI IN WARSAW.

**A**FTER a very short time Ferrari was no longer struck by the impracticability of the meditated revolution. Breathing a revolutionary atmosphere, he grew acclimatized. He became inoculated with revolutionary ideas.

Or, to put the matter quite literally, every one in the little world to which he had been admitted believed in the feasibility of the cherished scheme; and what every one around him said and repeated, and what no one thought for one moment of controverting, seemed at last incontrovertible. Finally, he found all his energies engaged

in a certain affair, and did not ask himself whether it could be brought to a triumphant conclusion or not.

There is some pleasure, no doubt, in being a revolutionist, apart from the holy joy that the devout patriot must feel at the prospect of liberating his native land. A man, who could never hope to be anything in the legitimate political world, may become a very great personage indeed in an improvised revolutionary government. Clerks without offices get named chiefs of departments, journalists without journals, ministers. A youth, who in the legitimate political world would think himself lucky to obtain the appointment of clerk to a vice-consulate, may, in the world of revolution, aspire to the post of ambassador. Ferrari, without asking for it, had already been entrusted with an important mission by the London Revolutionary Committee.

Then what a career the revolutionary




army offers ! Brief, perhaps, but brilliant while it lasts. Commissions are given with generosity ; promotion is rapid ; and when the functions have ceased, the title still remains. Thus Europe is full of "captains, and colonels, and knights-at-arms," who gained their epaulettes and spurs in skirmishes not recorded in history, and hold their commissions from governments whose composition was never exactly known, and whose very existence is now forgotten.

I will say nothing of the baser delights in which revolutionists on horseback have been known to indulge—of the wines and cigars of aristocratic flavour and price, which too many of these suddenly, temporarily enriched democrats love to consume. "The priest lives by the altar ;" and why should not the revolutionary altar be supplied with the fine wines of France, Germany, and Hungary, and with the fragrant incense of Havannah ? If the oppressed people have to pay for it, have they not, for centuries, paid for the

luxuries of a still more luxurious nobility and court?


However, it is only when a revolution has gained a certain amount of success that its children can run riot in the manner indicated. The revolution must be set going by men of conviction, whose heart is in their work, and who, instead of self-indulgence, are prepared for self-sacrifice. Kosciusko was as remarkable for his frugality and sobriety as for his heroic qualities; and Garibaldi has shown the same virtues in the present day. But once alive and moving, the revolution breeds parasites, and the parasites of revolution are the most offensive creatures imaginable.

Certainly the labourer, in every career, is worthy of his hire. Nevertheless Ferrari thanked heaven that his private resources enabled him to spare himself the humiliation of receiving money from the intending liberators of his country: The London agent of



the Ministry of Finance had offered him drafts on Warsaw, payable to bearer at the house of one of the principal bankers, who kept the revolutionary account with perfect fidelity, and, at the same time, with the full knowledge and sanction of the Russian government; but Ferrari preferred to regard his appointment as an honorary one. All he had to do was first to tell the members of the Central Committee how affairs were going on in London, and afterwards to inform the London Committee, from time to time, of all that took place at Warsaw.

The London Committee was far from being rich; but the day before Ferrari left for Warsaw, Count Konradin had persuaded some of his English friends to contribute to the funds of what he called "a Polish charity," and had given a large sum himself. Jankowski had subscribed fifty pounds, Ferrari five-and-twenty; and Boutkovitch, who did not wish to excite suspicion by any



excess of generosity, had made a modest offering of ten pounds. An English gentleman, who, during a visit to Warsaw, had been attacked and maltreated by a party of Cossacks, had given a hundred pounds; and altogether something like four hundred pounds was collected and paid into a London bank which was in correspondence with the bank at Warsaw. The receipt from the London banker (which gave credit for the sum to an imaginary person called Ladislas Morawski) was entrusted to Ferrari to be delivered to the Minister of Finance at Warsaw; and this stood him in lieu of a regular letter of introduction, and, indeed, replaced it very advantageously.

Ferrari's instructions were to write as little as possible; to use the telegraph for really important matters; and to wait for further instructions until the arrival of Konradin at Warsaw.

It has been mentioned that "leather" in the code of telegraphic signals agreed upon,



stood for Ferrari himself. "Trade" meant "insurrection ;" "money" meant simply "money ;" "brother" meant "associate ;" "elder brother," "minister ;" "father," "chief of the government ;" "arrival," "conflict ;" "hides," "Russians ;" "upper leather," "Poles ;" and so on.

The telegrams were to be plainly suggestive, not fully explicit. Thus, "leather sent to Berlin," would mean that Ferrari had gone to Berlin, and naturally was to be seen there.

"My elder brother is ill," would mean that one of the ministers had got into trouble.

"Another arrival: upper leathers much damaged," would mean that in a fresh conflict with the Russians many Poles had been injured.

Finally, "no letters" was to signify that an armed rising had taken place ; and "send advices," that every effort was to be made forthwith to support it. When it became

necessary to send this telegram, Ferrari was at the same time to state at what frontier-town he would meet his London correspondents. In other words, he was to tell them that, to Posen, Cracow, or elsewhere near the frontier, "leather" had been sent.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### LETTERS AND DESPATCHES.

**H**OWEVER, Ferrari had scarcely arrived in Warsaw, when it seemed probable that his mission would be brought rapidly to a conclusion. The information carried to St. Petersburg by the government messenger, who had left London at the same time as Ferrari, was acted upon forthwith ; and Ferrari would have been arrested at the Prusso-Polish frontier, had he not already passed it, and actually arrived at Warsaw when the telegram ordering his arrest was received.


His friends in London were much alarmed about him, for the London Committee knew that in all probability he would never reach

Warsaw unless in custody of the Russian police.

The list of persons connected with the revolutionary organisation, who were to be arrested as soon as they set foot in the dominions of Russia, had been sent to Ferrari's address in an envelope marked "Immediate and very important;" but it was not delivered until Ferrari had already started for Warsaw. His landlady hurried with the letter to Jankowski, whom Ferrari had desired to open all letters sent to him during his absence. Jankowski tore open the envelope, and saw in the inside, in a lady's handwriting, a few lines in French, of which the following is a translation :—

"M. Ferrari is begged not to endeavour to find out from whom the enclosed proceeds. His honourable discretion is relied upon."

The envelope contained a copy, in the same handwriting, of the list of names given



by Boutkovitch to General Gontchalin, with this remark prefixed : "Sent to the government at St. Petersburg." At the beginning of the list Jankowski read his own name. What was far more important and far more alarming, was that Ferrari's figured there. As for Jankowski, he belonged to what may be called an insurgent family, and he had no intention of ever entering Poland except at the head of a detachment. But Ferrari was already on the road to Warsaw, and it seemed certain that he would be arrested on his arrival at the frontier.

Jankowski took the mysterious letter to his cousin, Count Konradin.

"It may be entirely a fabrication," said Jankowski ; "but that is scarcely possible."

"No," answered Konradin ; "bad news is generally true. I wonder who sent the list. It is certainly genuine."

"You see what is written here." Jankowski pointed to the few lines inside the envelope.

"I see ; and the writer's confidence must be respected. I should like, all the same, to know, if I could do so by one sudden guess, without making any inquiries, from whom the information really comes. But I know nothing about Ferrari's connexions in London. I will tell you one thing, however : it is most fortunate that the letter is sent to Ferrari himself ; otherwise there are many persons who would have suspected *him* of giving up the names."

"Fortunately, such a supposition is now quite impossible."

"The traitor ought somehow to be discovered. It must be some one who visits, or who has visited, Siegfried. He is so imprudent ! He receives every one who comes to him, under no matter what pretext !"

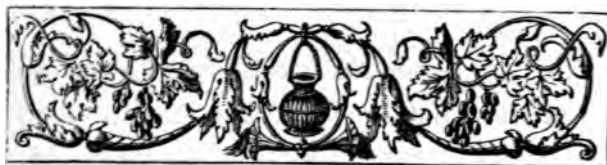
"But the first thing to do is to save Ferrari, if it be not already too late."

"I am afraid it is. However, we do not know when this list was sent to St. Petersburg. If it was only forwarded yesterday

or the day before, Ferrari will reach Warsaw in safety. But he may be taken directly afterwards, or, worse still, he may be watched, and may draw the police upon the track of some of the principal members of the organisation. You had better telegraph to him at once without waiting to consult any one."

Jankowski sent off a telegram, in the name of the bootmaker in Long Acre, to Stanislas Ferrari, 14, Street of the Capucins, Warsaw. It was as follows:—

"News received to-day makes us fear leather may be damaged. Be very careful about it. Leather much sought for. Look out for hides."



## CHAPTER XVII.

DR. WOLF.

**F**ERRARI, then, had no sooner reached Warsaw than he learned that he was in danger ; that he was being “sought for ;” and that he was to “look out” for the Russians.

An experienced conspirator, named Wilenski, to whom he showed and explained the telegram, told him to change both his name and his address at once, and to appear as little as possible in the streets.

“How could you dream of calling yourself by your proper name ?” asked the experienced conspirator, who had as many names as Apollo, and for each one a passport in unexceptionable form. “A name,



too, like yours, which is known all over Poland ! ”

“ I preferred keeping to my own name,” said Ferrari, “ though I know that it is not precisely a recommendation.”

“ No, not even in the eyes of the government,” answered Wilenski. “ But do not imagine that it has any effect upon me. I am a true democrat, and do not care who your father was.”

The cynical liberalism of this professed revolutionist shocked Ferrari ; but he made no reply.

“ I dare say you tried to persuade yourself,” continued the conspirator, “ that in coming to Warsaw you were acting in a perfectly legal manner. Do not deceive yourself. Men have been sent to Siberia for very much less than you had done even before you left London. You were a member of a secret association, whose object is nothing less than to revolutionise Poland. And you have come here as agent of the

society, and you think no more of it than if you had really arrived to deal in skins. What you will really have to deal in," added the conspirator, "is not skins, but bodies; and the sooner you make up your mind to that the better. But you will never be fit for anything until you have been exiled to Siberia, or, at least, have passed a year or two in a Muscovite fortress. We have all been through it, and I can tell you that there is nothing like it for finishing the education of a Pole."

Ferrari thought that he should like, if possible, to be spared the Polish grand tour; nor did he feel any wish to try the effect upon his character of confinement in a Russian prison.

"Well," he said at last, "give me a name of some kind; and you may as well give me a profession, too, while you are about it, and a passport into the bargain, if you can manage it."

"I have a passport," replied the conspira-

tor, "for a German doctor named Wolf. He is about your age and dimensions, and you can have it if you like."

"Where is the doctor himself?"

"I don't know that he exists. I did not say that I had a doctor; I said that I had a doctor's passport."

"I understand."

"At last! The next thing will be to find you an apartment, and about that there need be no difficulty. A German doctor! It will be an honour to receive you. But the great advantage of being a physician will be this, that you will be able to make as many visits as you like without exciting suspicion. A Pole has a right to be as ill as he pleases, and even to receive as many doctor's visits as he pleases. That is one of the liberties that we still possess."

"But how are our friends in London to know that I have changed my name?"

"I suppose they can recognise your handwriting? Send a letter to them through the

post as soon as you have fixed on your new abode, telling them simply and solely how and where to address you. That also you have a right to do. You must give up the leather trade when you telegraph ; that is all. In future you might speak of yourself as ' the patient,' the Russians as ' the surgeon ;' while continuing to use as many of the old signals as are still available. If you have anything very important to send, and you can't trust either to the telegraph or to the post, let me have it, and I will give it to a Jew who is engaged in the smuggling trade along the Prussian frontier. He is a thorough coward in the immediate presence of danger, but he will run any risk for the sake of a little extra money. He will bring artillery for us in a hay-cart when we want it. We have had quantities of muskets from him already."

A few days afterwards, Stanislas Ferrari, or "Dr. Wolf," as he now called himself, found accommodation and a hearty welcome at the house of a family to whom his mother had

been well known, and who were, indeed, distantly related to her. He was on the point of posting a letter—not to Jankowski—but to Count Konradin, who, he fancied, was quite above suspicion, when a number of Siegfried's journal, "The Tongue," was put into his hand by the experienced conspirator. It contained the list of names as drawn up by Boutkovitch, and sent to Ferrari's address by Nathalie; for it was to her that Ferrari, and, indirectly, all the chief Members of the Polish Committee, were indebted for the warning they had received.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### NATHALIE'S SECRET.

**I**T had happened in this way. After finishing his despatch, Gontcharin sent Boutkovitch with it to the embassy, where it was duly given into the hands of the departing messenger. In the meanwhile, the general, fatigued by his week's campaign of sight-seeing—fatigued also by his exertions at the ball, and by his subsequent literary and political labours in company with Boutkovitch—had imprudently leant back on the sofa and closed his eyes. It was natural, under the circumstances, that he should fall asleep ; and he not only slept, which was a fault ; but snored, which was a crime.

The bassoon-like noise waked Nathalie, who, like many other young ladies, slept but lightly after a ball. She recognised the formidable sound as peculiar to her father, and finding that it was as late as seven o'clock, got up, put on slippers and a peignoir, and went into the sitting-room to see what could have happened to him.

There he lay, stretched on the sofa, puffing and blowing with the vigour of a porpoise and the regularity of a steam-engine. The gas was still burning, and on the table before him Nathalie saw a teapot, a couple of empty tea-cups, the saucers of which were full of tobacco-ash, a few cigar-ends, and the stumps of innumerable cigarettes.

"How the room smells of smoke!" thought Nathalie; and Nathalie was right.


"Poor papa! How hard he has been working," she said to herself; "and he has left all his papers about. The servants might have come in to do the room and have read them. But no; they are in Russian—at least,

this one is." She took up one of the folios of General Gontchalin's despatch.

"And so is this." She examined another.

"‘Enclosure A ;’ yes, this is Russian, too. ‘Persons whom it would be advisable to arrest at the first opportunity.’ Oh, how dreadful! How can papa occupy himself with such things !”

The general replied only by a snore. The appearance of the fat, red-faced, more or less bloated old man, was in striking contrast with that of his charming daughter. He, heated by gas, tobacco smoke, and night-work, seemed half exhausted, and slept gluttonously, as if to make up for lost time. She, radiant with health and beauty, had already taken repose enough, and looked as fresh as a convolvulus that has just opened to the light. If the two could have been painted as they stood, or, rather, as Nathalie stood and as her father lay, every one would have seen that the one figure said "Good-





morning," as plainly as the other said "Bad night."

Nathalie read once more the heading of "Enclosure A." "Persons whom it would be advisable to arrest. Nominal list."

She read on, and was surprised and shocked to find among the names those of Stanislas Ferrari and Count Konradin. Ferrari, who had been so kind and attentive to her and to her father also; and who had written her such a touching letter, of which she was sure every word was true! And Konradin, with whom she had danced twice running only the night before. Oh, it was too horrible!

Nathalie, who had come into the drawing-room for the express purpose of waking her father, was now very careful not to carry out her original intention. She took up "Enclosure A," and hurried with it to her own room, that she might read it through without fear of being disturbed.

She had taken the paper without any precise idea as to what she should do with it; but now that she had it in her possession she could not make up her mind to replace it on her father's table until she had copied it. Ferrari had been so unhappy all his life, and now some very terrible calamity indeed might await him !

It did not occur to Nathalie that the Russian government must first catch its victim before either executing him or sending him to Siberia. Or perhaps she thought that, like Molière, it took its property wherever it found it. She remembered Ferrari's having said, the day she first saw him at the Exhibition, that he never meant to return to Russia; but he might have made this statement hastily, or with the view of misleading her father; and in any case, if the Russian government seriously wanted him, it would contrive, she fancied somehow or other, to get him within its power.

It was fortunate for Ferrari that she

looked at his position in this light, for otherwise she certainly would not have considered that there was any very pressing reason for putting him on his guard.

While she was copying the list, it struck Nathalie that some of the persons named in it—certainly not Ferrari and certainly not Konradin—might really be very bad; and that perhaps they wanted to murder the emperor, or to shoot at the Grand Duke Constantine, as had lately happened at Warsaw. But even then it could do no harm to warn them that they were being watched; and who knew but that it might have the effect of making them abandon their wicked designs?


She asked herself what her Polish mother would have done, and felt sure that *she* would not have hesitated for a moment if she had had it in her power to save a number of her countrymen from the claws of the Russian police.

The amiable little sophist found other

reasons for saving that young man in particular who had in so noble a manner changed some Russian money for her papa, and who had even advised him to put on a pair of black trousers ; and if she had a right to save *him*, why, she asked herself, should she forget the gallant Konradin, who had been so polite to her the night before ? She ended by determining to send the complete list to Ferrari. His address was in the letter that she had received from him, and which, though she had not answered it, she had not destroyed.

Nathalie's conscience troubled her very much in connexion with this affair, for it neither told her that she was doing right nor that she was doing wrong ; from which she inferred that she must, on the whole, be doing wrong, for otherwise her conscience would not trouble her at all.

However, she returned to the sitting-room and put back the draft of "Enclosure A" on the table without waking her papa. After



that she was afraid to wake him, lest he should suspect her of having looked over his papers—a thing she had never in her life done before.

The bassoon-like noise was now louder than ever, and the *rinforzando* of her papa's snore sounded to Nathalie like a reproach.

That, however, did not prevent her from putting on her bonnet and going out to post Ferrari's letter herself. When she returned she found that her father had been awakened by the servants, and that he had locked his papers up and gone to bed.

Nathalie now took more interest than ever in Ferrari. She had protected him from such a very serious danger, that he in a certain way seemed to belong to her. But she did not claim the least right of property in any of the other men whose names figured in the list.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### "THE TONGUE."

**J**ANKOWSKI and Konradin had decided between themselves, that though the conditions imposed by the sender of the mysterious letter bound them to make no attempt to discover its authorship, yet that there was no reason why the greatest publicity should not be given to it. They accordingly took a copy of it without delay to Siegfried, who a few days afterwards printed the list in a special number of his journal, published for the express purpose of making it known.

When Boutkovitch heard of the list's having been sent to Ferrari's address, and of Jankowski's having opened the letter which

enclosed it, he asked to be allowed to see the original manuscript. Jankowski, however, as Ferrari's representative, refused to show it. The writer, in rendering an important service to Ferrari, had placed implicit confidence in him, and this confidence, Jankowski maintained, must be respected.

Boutkovitch said that this was mere childishness, and offered to lay a wager that if the original manuscript were shown to him he would discover from whom it came by the handwriting.

"Our great object," answered Jankowski, "ought to be, not to discover the friend who in all confidence has sent us the list, but the enemy, the spy, the traitor, who by some shameful breach of confidence has been able to draw it up."

"You can only find out the latter through the former," argued Boutkovitch.

"I can tell you one thing about it," said Count Konradin. "I know the handwriting of General Gontchalin, who is supposed to

be over here on some mission of inquiry, and of every member of the embassy. It at least does not come from any of *them*."

"I should think not!" exclaimed Boutkovitch.

"Nor from the messenger."

"That also is not likely."

"However," continued Konradin, "we have really no right to inquire into the affair at all. Even as a matter of prudence we ought not to do so. We ought not to render it impossible that such communications should ever be addressed to us again."

Boutkovitch, as soon as the new number of "The Tongue" was printed, hurried with it to the hotel in Jermyn Street. He ascertained from the porter that General Gontchalin was at home, but not his daughter, and did not go in.

He called again, and hearing that both the general and Nathalie were at home, went up-stairs.



"Here, your excellency, is a nice thing," he began. "A certain list drawn up for official communication to St. Petersburg is printed in 'The Tongue' of to-day."

Boutkovitch addressed the words to Gontchalin, but looked hard at Nathalie as he uttered them.

Nathalie had plenty of command over herself. She was, moreover, one of those enviable young ladies who turn pale from dancing; and blushing, with her, was at least not a constitutional weakness. But she turned red now, very red indeed; and Boutkovitch felt sure, from her agitation, that it was she who had communicated the list.

"You lie! You are a lunatic!" roared Gontchalin.

"Read, general, read," said Boutkovitch, showing him the printed paper, and still looking at Nathalie, who became more confused than ever.

"It was you, Boutkovitch, who did it!"

exclaimed the general, when he had glanced at the list. "You sold it to them, and you come and tell me of it to put me off my guard."

"Your excellency is pleased to be annoyed. Otherwise your excellency would not say such things," observed Boutkovitch, meekly.

"Then some of those accursed waiters must have stolen it while I slept," said the general. "Waiters are spies in every country in the world."

The waiters of the hotel were summoned one after the other ; but of course not one of them knew anything about the general's list of names. Then the general looked over his papers, and found that he had still the original draft.

"This paper cannot have been copied here," said the general. "A copy must have been taken from the list in your possession. It is your fault, and you must bear the whole responsibility. You

are surrounded by spies. You live in a street out of Leicester Square, while you draw money from the government for a lodging at the West End; and this is the result."

"You deceive yourself, general," protested Boutkovitch, "but I will not take the liberty of contradicting you. I have another piece of news," he continued. "Ferrari, as we thought, turns out to be one of the most active of the conspirators. He is now on his way to Warsaw."

"Then he, for one, will be arrested," said the general.

Nathalie, who, after her fit of blushing had turned pale, now became paler than ever. Boutkovitch stared at her with a firm, confident stare; and the young girl, not feeling at all in the mood to resent his impertinence, got up and left the room.

"What will they say in Russia!" ex-

claimed General Gontchalin, with a look of dismay, as soon as his daughter had gone.

“What, indeed!” replied Boutkovitch, who was afraid to communicate his well-founded suspicions to his chief.



## CHAPTER XX.

### BOUTKOVITCH DEPRESSED.

**T**HE *Chargé de Mission* now held a very serious conference with his disreputable attaché, the result of which was that a telegram was sent off to the foreign minister at St. Petersburg, informing him that a serious breach of confidence must have been committed either in his office or in that of the chief of the police, for that the list of names transmitted to him by messenger had been telegraphed to the editor of a Russian paper published in London. "This is certain," the telegram concluded.

Boutkovitch despatched the telegram and

went home in a very despondent condition.

"The service cannot be carried on," he said to himself, "if a certain surveillance is not exercised in families as well as in the outer world. In the days of the Emperor Nicholas, of imperishable memory, I could have had that young lady and her dear papa ordered back to Russia, where Mademoiselle Nathalie would have been well whipped. Now, I dare not even say what I know. The whole service, too, is underpaid, and when a service is underpaid, it must necessarily go to the deuce. They dispute my charges for broughams; they even grudge me the money for a hack; and when I go to the Park I have to lean against the rails like a clerk in a government office. As for subordinates, I may find them where I can. Then my chief, confound him, treats me not as if I were a secret agent attached to a mission of inquiry, but like a common spy. Ah! I can remember the day when even the

ordinary spy, at two roubles a-day, was in an enviable position. He dressed in the latest fashion, dined at the best tables-d'hôte in St. Petersburg, and ordered his red wine and his white wine and his bottle of champagne, like a gentleman. He was not only allowed, but was expected to do it; and, of course, charged it all in his expenses. At present, the poor fellows dress like commercial travellers, lounge about the corridors of the theatres and hotels, and think themselves fortunate to be able, now and then, to get a glass of vodka."



## CHAPTER XXI.

### FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

**L**ITTLE had poor Nathalie thought of the commotion that would be caused by her sending Boutkovitch's list to Ferrari.

On finding that it had been forwarded to "The Tongue," and actually published in that journal, she felt much annoyed and even hurt. Ferrari, she said to herself, had not respected the confidence placed in him. He had, perhaps, made no endeavour to discover who had sent him the list; but he ought to have concealed the fact of his having received it. At least, he could have warned Count Konradin and the others privately. But to have sent the docu-



ment for publication to a journal ! To have caused a scandal, from which both she and her father might suffer ! This was unpardonable.

It was in one sense, then, a relief to her to hear that Ferrari had gone to Warsaw. The letter must have been opened in his absence, she concluded. Indeed, it was obvious that he would not have started for Warsaw if he had known that, on his arrival at the Polish frontier, he would be arrested. On the whole, she preferred that his personal safety rather than his honour should be in question ; but she was very much alarmed about him, nevertheless. If she could only find out on what day he had left London, she would be able to calculate whether he would have had time to reach Warsaw before orders to arrest him could have been received there. But how could this first point be ascertained ?

Ferrari seemed destined to occupy her mind perpetually. She said to herself,

that if, instead of sending him the list by post, she had forwarded it by a messenger, she might have prevented his going to Warsaw at all. Now, if anything happened to him there, she would consider that she was in some measure responsible for it.

As soon as she found that Boutkovitch had gone she went back to her father to see whether he would say anything about Ferrari's position. She found Count Konradin with him, laughing over the list of names, and declaring himself very much amused at the notion of *his* name being included in it.

"The idea of my being mixed up with them is good!" he said to Gontchalin. "Why, the first thing they would do, if they succeeded in their projects, would be to divide my estates among the peasantry."

"Where do you think the list came from?" asked the general.

"I cannot tell you," replied the count. "For all I know to the contrary, it may be a forgery. It is, perhaps, what the English call 'a hoax.' At all events, judging from the presence of my own name in it, I should say that it is not remarkable for correctness. The worst of it is, that the mere fact of publishing a man's name in such a list, genuine or not, does him harm. It makes him a marked man, and places him under the surveillance of the police, whether the superior authorities desire it or not."

"Not in your case, count," said the general.

"Not in my case," replied Konradin, "for I flatter myself that I am above suspicion; but there is scarcely one of the others who will not suffer from it. No one is so anxious as I am to find out the author of the list; and, if I could only discover him, I would make a very serious complaint against him. The government sends out spies; they are

obliged to report something, and they make their accusations quite at random, merely because they may seem to be earning their money. As it is, I must make a representation on the subject. To whom ought I to address it, general ? ”

“To the chief of the police at St. Petersburg, I should think,” replied Gontchaline. “Or, perhaps, the best thing would be to write to his secretary.”

“Will you tell me his name, please, and his private address ? ” asked the count.

“Certainly,” replied the general, who had given up Konradin’s name merely in the way of business, and had no ill-will towards him whatever. “Write it down, Nathalie, that the count may not forget it.”

Konradin said there was no danger of his forgetting it, but that he should feel much obliged, all the same, if Mademoiselle Nathalie would give him the address in writing. Nathalie did so without hesitation, and Count Konradin saw at a glance that it was

Gontchalin's daughter who had posted the list of names to Ferrari.

"Ferrari has a very useful as well as a very charming acquaintance," he reflected. "But I should now like to know who gave the list to Gontchalin, and that will not be so easy to find out." It struck him, however, that Boutkovitch, who pretended to get so much information from the general, in all probability carried to him, intentionally or unintentionally, quite as much as he fetched away.


On his way home from the Gontchalins he paid a visit to Boutkovitch, and told him he was quite satisfied that the list of names had at one time been in possession of the general. He accused Boutkovitch, not of wilful treachery, but of indiscretion, and pointed out to him that Konradin, Stanislas Ferrari, and Boutkovitch, were the only three men in London who were acquainted both with General Gontchalin and with Siegfried. Konradin knew that he himself

had contributed nothing to the list, and he maintained that its authorship rested either with Boutkovitch or with Ferrari.

Boutkovitch repelled the charge most vigorously, and a serious dispute took place, which ended by Konradin challenging him to appear the next evening before the revolutionary committee, that the affair of the list might be fully investigated.

Boutkovitch, however, did not think it worth while to keep the appointment. He considered that his game in England was played out—for the reputation of a spy is as delicate as that of a woman ; he has only to be suspected to be ruined. He accordingly asked the general to grant him permission to start forthwith for St. Petersburg ; and this the general did the more readily, inasmuch as *his* mission in London was also at an end.

The government, pleased with Gontchalin's activity in the matter of the communi-



cated list, had telegraphed to him to quit London, and to proceed at once to Wilkovo, a town in the kingdom of Poland, of which he had been appointed governor.

END OF PART I.

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## PART II.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE PROSCRIPTION.

**W**HEN the number of Siegfried's journal, containing the list of persons to be arrested, became circulated among a certain section of the society of Warsaw, a very general desire was felt by the initiated to hear what Ferrari had to say on the subject. Ferrari, who had just arrived from London, must surely know something about it. The number of visits that Dr. Wolf now received was most remarkable. The first physicians in Warsaw were not so much consulted; and Ferrari

began at last to fear that his renown would attract the attention of the government. If the emperor's lieutenant at Warsaw had fallen seriously ill, and "Dr. Wolf" had been sent for to attend him, the consequences might, indeed, have been very serious—especially if this new mock-doctor had consented to prescribe for the patient.

Ferrari, to all inquiries, could, only reply that he knew nothing whatever about the list. He imagined, however, like everyone else who knew of it only through "The Tongue," that it had been telegraphed to London in cypher by some government official who was in league with the revolutionary party. This supposition was very gratifying to the revolutionists, and made them believe that they had secret friends in high places, who at the critical moment would render them powerful assistance.

On his first arrival at Warsaw Ferrari had felt that his ideas were still far from being

in tune with those of the thorough-going revolutionists. After a time, however, what had happened to him in London happened to him again here. He became influenced by the persons and things around him, and went up gradually to the Warsaw pitch of enthusiasm. He had heard in London of outrages and massacres which his friends in Warsaw had actually seen. Some of them had even suffered in person from the attacks of the Russian soldiers, and had wounds to show which were as eloquent as their own narratives.

He observed unmistakeable signs of a coming storm, of which the black clothes worn by all the female population of Warsaw were but the external manifestation. The men were forbidden to wear mourning, and those who, in spite of the very positive orders on the subject, persisted in not assuming bright colours, were punished by fine and imprisonment for their obstinate

affectation of sadness. This determination of the Russians to bully their Polish subjects into liveliness and gaiety, besides being odiously tyrannical, struck Ferrari as eminently absurd.

He was not in the humour for amusement of any description, and the rest of the inhabitants of Warsaw seemed to be in the same frame of mind ; for all the theatres, concert-rooms, and similar places of public entertainment were closed, and had not been open for the last two years. This abstention from all pleasures had a material as well as a moral effect in promoting the object of the revolutionists. Not only did the population turn their attention exclusively to solemn things, they also saved the money which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been spent on dress and on public and private entertainments ; and this money all found its way into the insurrectionary exchequer.

Although all possible care had been taken

to prevent a too sudden explosion of the revolutionary forces, the outbreak was at last precipitated by the action of the Russians. "Dr. Wolf" was at this time in strict concealment. The fact was, he had paid and received so many visits from political patients, that at last—as he had feared would be the case before long—continued impunity made him reckless—the Russians *did* want to see what sort of a physician he was. A Polish official sent him warning that he was about to receive a domiciliary visit, and Ferrari no sooner found that there was a clear prospect of his being subjected to a medico-political examination, than he very wisely absented himself.



## CHAPTER II.

### A CONSPIRATOR AND HIS FAMILY.

**I**N his new difficulty Ferrari had again recourse to Wilenski, the experienced conspirator, who at once agreed to conceal him in his own house. When Ferrari thanked him for running this risk, the experienced conspirator replied, with his usual politeness, that he was already so much compromised, that to compromise him any farther was impossible. He added that Ferrari need not be under *much* apprehension, and showed him a passage leading to another set of apartments, from which he could, if necessary, make his escape into the street by a back door. The conspirator's family consisted of

himself ; a son who was in Siberia ; another son, who had been a student at the university of St. Petersburg, and who was now confined in the St. Petersburg fortress ; a third, who was an emigrant living in Paris ; a fourth, named Thaddeus, who was now in Warsaw with his father, and who had been slightly wounded in one of the recent massacres ; and a daughter named Thecla, who followed her father everywhere, and kept house for him.


Ferrari met some nice people at Wilenski's, who, when they quite understood that Ferrari, so far from following in the footsteps of his father, had adopted quite an opposite course, treated him kindly, and instructed him in all the principles of revolutionism, which, unlike despotism, still awaits its Machiavelli.

Ferrari soon saw that these men were quite as unscrupulous as the despots to whom they were opposed, and that there was no means they would not employ to

gain their end. They were of that malignant type of revolutionist which the Russian government breeds to such perfection, and which is found in Russia proper more abundantly even than in Poland.

The revolutionists of London, with all the ferocity of their talk, had seemed to Ferrari what Count Konradin once called them—"political Bohemians." The most remarkable thing about them was their heedlessness—which scarcely even amounted to recklessness; for they incurred no very considerable danger, except perhaps that of dying from starvation.

The revolutionists of Warsaw, however, not only preached assassination, but practised it. They proscribed and destroyed those whom they considered dangerous to them or to their schemes as readily as an Italian prince of the middle ages would have done, and justified their acts by the same arguments. Some members of this particular band of desperadoes were Poles who





had served in the Russian army, where the government had fancied they would acquire ideas of order and discipline ; but where, as a matter of fact, their hatred of everything Russian had only become intensified.

Many of these ultra-revolutionists applied the arguments which they had learned to use against the Russian government against regular government everywhere. The ruling power seemed to them in all countries a sort of "king of the castle," whom it should be the business of the "dirty rascals" constituting the people to overturn. Some dozen of these men wished to bring about an appeal to arms as soon as possible—fearing that if it were not made soon it might never be made at all ; and Ferrari was told, on the 14th of January, that he would probably have to send his long-meditated telegram to London—"No advices ; send letters"—on the following day.



### CHAPTER III.

JANUARY 14TH, 1863.

**W**ATE on the evening of the 14th, while Ferrari was sitting and conversing with the conspirator, his son Thaddeus, and his daughter Thecla, a heavy tramp—the sound of which was well-known to all the Wilenski family—was heard on the staircase.

“They have come to arrest you,” whispered the conspirator. “Hurry out at the other entrance ; I will meet you in an hour, under the porch of the cathedral.”

Ferrari took up his cap, rushed downstairs to the door at the back, and nearly fell upon the bayonets of a guard of soldiers, who rendered all egress impossible on this side.

"Go back!" cried the sergeant. "No one passes here!"

"Where am I to go?" asked Ferrari. "I do not live here. I was just going home."

"You cannot pass," persisted the sergeant.

Ferrari slipped a five-rouble note into the sergeant's hand, and repeated that he wanted to go home.

The sergeant kept the money but also maintained the blockade. He did not arrest Ferrari, however. All he did was to tell him once more, and this time very peremptorily, to go back.

"My positive orders," he said, "are to let no one come out."

"I am caught in a trap," said Ferrari to himself. But it seemed to him that the best thing to do was, in the first place to withdraw from the danger which immediately faced him. Indeed, as to this point the attitude of the sergeant left him no option. Accordingly Ferrari retired into the interior of the house.

On the first floor, whence he had just come down, he heard a great disturbance going on. The conspirator was calling out on one side, the officer in command on the other, while a favourite little poodle of Wilenski's (named "Jan" in honour of Sobieski) kept up a continual barking.

"Where is he?" asked the officer.

"I do not know," answered the conspirator.


"You *must* know," said the officer.

"But I do not," replied the conspirator.

"His name is on my list, and I must take him," repeated the officer.

"Then find him," the conspirator responded; "but you will not be able to do so for he is not in the house."

In the corridor where Ferrari was now standing was a large cupboard for linen. Hearing the soldiers come down-stairs he got into it, and held the door to, scarcely hoping, however, that they would not stop to search for him.



"Shall I break into this cupboard?" inquired a soldier.

"Certainly, if you cannot open it without," answered the officer. But the officer, at the same moment, took hold of the handle and opened it easily enough.

"Vous!" he exclaimed, when he saw Ferrari. "Que diable donc faites vous ici?"

"I might well ask you the same question," replied Ferrari, also in the French language. "Considering where it was that I first saw you, your present position is stranger even than mine."

The Russian officer was one of those whom Ferrari had met in London at the house of Siegfried the Revolutionist.

"Ah," he said, "it is all very well to talk folly; to act it is a different thing. But my soldiers are looking astonished. We must speak Russian. And come out of that cupboard; we are not looking for *you*. Where," he asked, in the Russian language, "is the

youth, Wilenski? It is he that we are seeking."

"Wilenski is perfectly harmless," said Ferrari. "He is a studious young man, and does not occupy himself with politics at all."

"That is not the question," answered the officer. "He is marked down as a recruit, and I must take him."

Ferrari then understood that the forced recruitment—the arbitrary conscription or "proscription"—with which the revolutionary party in Warsaw had long been threatened, was at last being executed. The Russians were seizing all the young men whom, from their associations and general habits of life, they suspected of active participation in the preparations for the meditated insurrection. At night they felt sure of catching most of them at home; and this plan of taking the birds in the nest was carried out with great success. Effectual resistance was impossible, and between ten

in the evening and two the next morning some two thousand young men were arrested, and carried off to be enrolled in the Russian army.

Here and there the victims designed beforehand struggled uselessly against their fate. But the surprise was so complete, the numbers of the Russians were so overpowering, and the unarmed Poles were so entirely defenceless, that, in the great majority of cases, the unhappy conscripts suffered themselves to be led away with the tranquillity of utter despondency.

The officer of liberal opinions who, at the last moment, had found it imprudent, and even ridiculous, to give up a regular profession for the sake of what might after all turn out to be a mere chimera, would now gladly have left Wilenski's house, and permitted the young Wilenski to remain at liberty. But his own men would not allow him to desist from the search that had been commenced. They looked upon the Poles

as a nation of hopeless rebels, who, after having been forgiven again and again by a merciful Czar, still at every fresh opportunity rose in insurrection against their benefactor ; and they were greatly irritated, moreover, by the incessant sneers and provocations to which they had had patiently to submit for the last two years in the streets of Warsaw—though it is true they had been allowed to reply to them from time to time by a volley of musketry.

They had been warned, moreover, by their superior officers not to allow themselves to be deceived by the soft phrases of disloyal subalterns ; and nothing would have appeared to them so suspicious as a command *not* to continue a search for a Pole whose capture had been ordered, and who had wickedly presumed to conceal himself.

The officer was ashamed to continue the work of kidnapping in presence of Ferrari ; but a corporal called out to him that the fugitive was no doubt concealed somewhere in the



drawing-room, and asked permission to return there and look for him again. This was a request which it was utterly impossible to refuse.

"Follow me," said the officer. "If he is there we will find him."

"Shall I bring this one with me?" inquired the corporal, pointing to Ferrari.

"No," answered the officer. "It is the young Wilenski that we are to arrest. Leave that man alone."

In the drawing-room the experienced conspirator, his daughter Thecla, and another young lady were seated. Ferrari, who, not to appear afraid before the Russian soldiers, had returned with them to the drawing-room, could not, at first, make out who the other young lady was. After a time, however, he understood that it was Adam Wilenski dressed in woman's clothes.

Adam held the little dog on his lap, partly to keep it quiet, partly that he might have something to occupy him.

"Look where you please," said the old

Wilenski. "You will not find him, because he is not here. I told you so before, and I repeat it now."

"But we must take some one, captain," said the inappeasable corporal. "Shall I seize the old man?"

"You had better obey your orders," observed old Wilenski. "Lieutenant, are you hunting men like game, and will one man suit you as well as another, or have you really orders to arrest my son?"

"Your son's name is on the recruiting list," answered the officer. "I did not put it there, but I am bound to take him. Therefore deliver him up at once."


"He is not here."

"Then where is he?"

"He may be anywhere. You will not find him here."

"Down-stairs! To the next house!" cried out the officer.

The ten or twelve men who were in the room began to grumble.



"We had better take one of them, or both," said the corporal. "It is only necessary to look into their face to see what they are."

"Down-stairs! do you hear?" roared the officer, at the same time putting his hand on his revolver.

"I hear," replied the corporal, sullenly. The soldiers still murmured, but seeing that the lieutenant was in earnest, shouldered their arms and followed him down-stairs.

"My darling brother, I was so frightened," cried Thecla, throwing her arms round Adam's neck and kissing him as soon as the soldiers had gone. "I made sure that you were lost."

"Not yet," replied Adam; "but it was a narrow escape. If all women dressed as quickly as I did to-night there would be much less grumbling on the part of husbands."

"No," said Thecla, who, like her brother, had already recovered her natural liveliness;

"they would grumble at something else, that would be the only difference. But what became of you, Signor Ferrari, or Dr. Wolf, or whatever your name is for the moment?"

"Oh! I got into a cupboard," answered Ferrari.


"And after that?"

"After that I got out again. It was no good my remaining when they had once discovered me."

"But why didn't they take you away?"

"I suppose they did not think me worth having. I was not on their list. I am on some other list, it appears; and they observe a certain method in their injustice and tyranny."

"We have all had a very narrow escape, I can tell you that," observed the experienced conspirator. "I thought the soldiers would have massacred us. The officer is not a bad man, but he is weak, and has no authority over them. If the slightest thing had happened—if one of them had trodden



on a lucifer and it had exploded—it would have been sufficient to make them rush upon us.”

“So the recruitment is really being effected,” said Ferrari.

“Yes, it is indeed,” answered Wilenski. “They have been beforehand with us. If my advice had been taken the general rising would have taken place a week ago. As it is, we shall be deprived of some thousands of our best men. Fortunately a meeting is already fixed for to-morrow morning, in the convent of the Ursulines. You don’t know our private entrance, but I will take you with me : I think you will find the time has now come for sending off the last of your telegrams to London.”



## CHAPTER IV.

### A SUMMONS.

**E**ARLY the next morning a paper was served on Wilenski bearing the stamp and seal of the revolutionary government. It summoned him to appear at the place of meeting already fixed upon at nine instead of eleven o'clock. It was delivered into Wilenski's own hands; but it bore no name either of place or of person, and would have compromised no one if it had miscarried.

"So the recruitment has taken place, Kuba," said Wilenski to the messenger. "And they call us the party of action! It is the Russians who have acted while we were only thinking about it. Come in and

tell us what has happened this morning. I was just going out. Is there much excitement in the town?"

"An immense deal," answered the messenger, "and two spies have been executed, one on the boulevards, the other in the street of the Cracow suburb."

"Did the poor fellows escape the police?"

"Certainly. The second one stabbed his criminal in presence of at least a hundred persons; but of course no one interfered."

"I should think not, if they were Poles!"

Ferrari had become quite accustomed to hear assassins spoken of with pity, sympathy, and almost with respect. Accordingly he was not at all astonished by the above conversation, which, to a person newly arrived in Warsaw, might have appeared strange.

"Come," said Wilenski to Ferrari, after a few more remarks had been exchanged; "let us go to the convent. We have not much time to lose."

"When shall you be back, father?" asked Thecla.

"Not until late in the afternoon," replied the conspirator. "At least I think not ; but it is uncertain."

"And what am I to do ? Shall I hear from you in the course of the day ?" inquired Adam.

"Keep yourself in readiness, that is all I can tell you," replied the experienced one. "We do not know what may take place, nor how soon."

Wilenski kissed Thecla, embraced Adam, and went off, accompanied by Ferrari, and followed by his dog, in the direction of the convent of the Ursulines. Kuba had been sent on before to announce that Wilenski was coming.

Wilenski did not take the same direction as Kuba. After walking some distance he entered a private house, and passed out at a back-entrance into a garden. At the end of the garden there was an ice-house, which




communicated by an underground passage with one of the rooms on the basement of the Ursulines' convent.

"I fancied some one was following us," said the experienced conspirator to Ferrari, as they groped their way along the passage. "But where is Jan? Did he not come out with us? Ah! I should like to catch any one following us here."

The passage was about four feet high by three broad; and a duel in such a place would indeed have been an awkward affair for the least determined of the combatants.

Wilenski was quite right in imagining that he had been followed, and also in believing that he had not left home untended by his dog. A beggar to whom he had given alms as he came out of his house had walked slowly after him, and had watched him until he saw him turn a corner; then, as the little dog, after the manner of little dogs, loitered behind, the beggar called it to him, caught it up,



caressed it, and when the poor thing at last began to struggle to get away, wrapped it up in the ample folds of his tattered old cloak, so that it could not howl, and, indeed, could scarcely breathe.



## CHAPTER V.

### AN OLD FRIEND IN AN OLD CLOAK.

**T**HE beggar continued to keep Wilenski and Ferrari in sight until they entered the house with the garden. Then he made a sign to a commissioner who, hitherto, had remained quite in the background. The commissioner came forward, listened to the directions given to him by the beggar, and hurried on to the house which Wilenski had just entered. He knocked at the door, and on the porter opening it, asked for the first name which occurred to him.

The house was an immense one. It was several stories high, and each story held a whole colony of lodgers.

"What floor, and what number?" asked the porter.

"I do not know," answered the commissionaire.

"If you don't know the number of his apartment, how do you expect to find him? Tell me the gentleman's number, and I will tell you where he lives; that is to say if he does live here, which is not at all certain. But why don't you look on the board?"

The porter, querulous and talkative like all porters, pointed to a large black board, on which some hundred different names were chalked. The commissionaire went up to the board as if to look for the name of the man he was *not* looking for, and in doing so cast his eyes round the place, and made a rapid reconnaissance.

"Two staircases, at least two entrances, one in front and one at the back, and a large garden."

That was all he could report, when, after searching in vain for the name of a person who was evidently unfindable, he returned to communicate his observations to his employer, the beggar.

"That isn't much," said the beggar ; "but the men can be caught all the same. There is no animal so faithful as the dog, and I reckon above all on the fidelity of this poodle. Take this line to the chief of the seventh police district," he added, scribbling a few words in his pocket-book, and tearing out the leaf to give to the commissionaire. "You need not come back yourself unless you particularly desire it. The porter would know you again, and before to-morrow morning you would be a dead man."

The beggar had sent an order for half a company of gendarmes to be ready in five minutes. In the meanwhile he hired a droschky, drove home, threw off his beggar's apparel, put on the undress uniform of an

officer of police, and, still carrying the little dog, got into another droschky, and told the driver to take him as fast as possible to the police office.



## CHAPTER VI.

### HIGH STRATEGY.

**T**HE officer of police, followed by his detachment, and bearing Wilenski's poodle in his arms, marched straight to the house which Wilenski had been seen to enter.

At about twenty yards' distance he put down the dog, which ran to the door, and, finding it shut, began to whine.

At first the porter refused to open.

"You are ordered to open in the name of the law," cried the officer.

"Who orders me?"

"I, an officer commanding gendarmes. Open this moment, or I will fire through the door."

"One second," said the porter ; and the moment afterwards the door was opened.

"Rascal !" exclaimed the officer, as he struck the porter in the face, "I have a great mind to blow your brains out with my revolver. Say one word and I will shoot you."

The porter did not accept the polite invitation, and accordingly was not shot.

"Now, you confounded poodle, show us where your master is !"

This the innocent animal was already proceeding to do. It ran up one staircase, down another, and stood barking in front of a door which led to the garden.

"Open that door !" said the officer.

"I have not the key," answered the porter.

"I shall break the door to pieces and your head also if it is not opened this moment."

"One second," begged the porter, "while I fetch the key."



He ran for it, attended by a gendarme, in whose special custody he had now been placed, and in half a minute returned with it in his hand.

When the door was opened the unhappy poodle sprang into the garden and made direct for the ice-house. The officer, followed by the gendarmes, ran after it, but on entering the ice-house could find no trace of the dog. It had, in fact, disappeared from the face of the earth, and was at that moment in the subterranean passage making its way towards the convent of the Ursulines.

"Where is the dog? Where in the name of the fiend is the accursed poodle?" cried the officer.


"Your excellency saw him just as much as I did," replied the porter.

"Where is the dog? I am not going to be made a fool of in this manner," repeated the officer; but no dog was to be found.

"It can't be under the ice," said the officer; "but there is really no knowing."

The porter was told to clear all the ice out of the ice-house; and the end of it was that neither Wilenski nor Ferrari nor the poodle was found, but that the secret passage was discovered.

"I shall get a decoration for this," said the officer to himself; "of that there can be no doubt, and perhaps promotion; and it would not be astonishing if they were to give me a sum of money by way of gratuity. This comes of acting in chief, which a superior man like myself should always do. If that brute Gontchalin were here—pompous old idiot!—I should have to send in my report through him, and he would claim all the credit for it. Thank you, your excellency! Let honour be given where honour is due. This certainly promises to be a very brilliant affair!"



"The poodle has decidedly gone into that hole," remarked one of the gendarmes.

"Yes, blockhead, and you shall go there after it," replied the officer. "But, no ! you would do no good ; you would catch no one ; you would be caught yourself, and the alarm would be given."

He thought of sending on the porter at the point of the bayonet, after handcuffing him and tying a chain to his leg to prevent his going too fast. But this also seemed impracticable ; for however many gendarmes he might send after him it would be easy for the conspirators to kill them one by one as they came out at the other end. Perhaps, too, the porter really knew nothing about the subterranean passage. That, however, he reflected, could be ascertained in the proper manner

With a view to the future settlement of the point, he ordered a corporal to take four gendarmes and march the porter off forthwith to the police-station ; whence, in due

order of proceeding, he was sent to the fortress to await his examination.

In the meanwhile the ice was replaced in the ice-house and the ice-house surrounded by gendarmes. Three gendarmes were posted in the ice-house itself, just above the entrance to the passage, so that they could see but not be seen by any one issuing from its mouth. The officer, with a revolver in his hand, stood behind the three gendarmes, whose orders were not to fire, but to make every effort to capture all who came out of the passage, and to capture them alive. Dead prisoners cannot be made to tell tales ; but torture is sometimes found to have that effect upon live ones.

The gendarmes waited and waited until it began to grow dark, and until they began to say to one another, that though the dog had apparently run into the hole, it was not at all certain that any men had done so. At last it became a joke among them that fifty gendarmes were waiting, and had now been

waiting seven hours, with loaded muskets, in order to catch one poodle, who had run away from them and refused to come back.



## CHAPTER VII.

### IN ASSEMBLY.

**T**HESE seven hours had been employed by Wilenski and the other members of the revolutionary committee in disputing, in upbraiding one another for what had passed, and in endeavouring to concert some general plan of action for the future. Wilenski, one or two students, and a few Polish officers who had served in the Russian army, were for beginning the insurrection forthwith. Others thought that now the recruitment had actually taken place, there was no immediate necessity for an appeal to arms, and that it ought to be deferred until the military preparations were more complete.

Wilenski maintained that if such a flagrant injustice, such a monstrous provocation as the arbitrary conscription were left without a response, the nation would lose all self-respect. It was a blow, he declared, which demanded a blow in return. If it were submitted to in patience, then there was no humiliation, no degradation which they might not expect, and which, indeed, they would not deserve.

"But if we fail—and we cannot succeed unless we obtain assistance from abroad—the whole country will be ruined," argued a member of the moderate party.

"It will be ruined in a moral sense if we do nothing," replied Wilenski. "As for the insurrection failing, a dozen insurrections may fail, but the thirteenth will succeed. As for being helped from abroad, we have always been promised help from abroad, and the help has never come. It is no use waiting for *that*. Nevertheless, you who *do* count on foreign assistance, tell me whether

anything could enlist the sympathy of foreigners on our behalf more surely than the cruel, cowardly act that has just been perpetrated in the dead of the night by the Russian government? If that does not move them, be sure that they will remain deaf to all cries that can ever reach them from unhappy Poland."

Just then the whining of a dog was heard outside. Ferrari opened the door, and Jan made his appearance.

"Poor little Jan!" said Wilenski, taking the poodle up in his arms; "so you did find us after all."

"By the treaty of Vienna"—began an old gentleman, who of course belonged to the moderate party, and who had attended the meeting with the best and most conciliatory intentions.

"Please don't mention the treaty of Vienna!" said Wilenski. "Whenever our country has been partitioned the partition has always been formally consecrated by a



treaty. There is one clause in the treaty of Vienna, or in that portion of it relating to Poland, by which the punishment of exile is specially forbidden. I spent sixteen years of my life in Siberia, and I have three relations there, and twenty intimate friends, at this moment."

. "I was only going to observe," said the old gentleman, "that certain rights are promised to us by the treaty of Vienna, which rights we have never fully enjoyed, and which are now altogether denied. If we appeal to the cabinets of Europe it is on this ground, and this ground only, that we must base our representations."

"In matters of this kind," said an officer, "one cabinet always supports another. They may appear to differ on some points, but at bottom they are opposed to revolution wherever it may show itself."

"Yet France helped the Italians, France and England helped the Belgians, all Europe

helped the Greeks," remarked one of the students.

"However that may have been," said Wilenski, "the first thing we have to do is to help ourselves; and if we mean to do it at all it must be at once, and certainly not later than next week. We must send off two men to Paris; our friend here (pointing to Ferrari) will find means to telegraph to London; and by this day week all Polish officers abroad who wish to be at the frontier will have had time to get there."

The old gentleman and his friend, the other member of the moderate party, again urged prudence, until at last they were charged with want of patriotism.

"If the recruitment had been effected on a greater scale, and all over the country at the same time," said Wilenski, "the insurrection instead of being difficult would have been impossible. There are plenty of aristocrats in Warsaw, friends of the conquerors

rather than of the conquered, who would not have regretted such a result."

"Do you mean that for me?" asked the younger of the two moderate men hastily.

"Or for me?" inquired the old gentleman, flaming up at the same time.

"What should you say," continued the younger of the two moderates, "if I were to accuse you of desiring the ruin of your country merely that you may play the part of an insurgent chief for a few weeks?"

"I should say that you lied!" cried Wilenski, who had now lost all self-control.

The moderate man rushed towards him as if to give him a blow, but was held back by the old gentleman and by one of the officers.

Ferrari and the student who had spoken about Italy and Belgium endeavoured at the same time to appease Wilenski.

"My friends," said the old gentleman, "whether it be right or not we should at this moment try our force against the Russians, it certainly is most unbecoming that

our patriots should quarrel among themselves. Thaddeus," he continued, addressing his moderate friend, "you should apologise to Pan Wilenski instantly."

"What ! for being called a liar by him ?"

"For thoughtlessly, and without any serious intention, imputing utterly unworthy motives to him."

"I said, count," explained Wilenski, "that I would call any man a liar who dared to accuse me of speculating in the misfortunes of my country. It would be impossible to reject so shameful a charge with too much indignation."

"I did not mean that, on my honour, Pan Wilenski," said the young man addressed as Thaddeus, who was related to the count. "I beg your pardon ; forgive me. I spoke without thinking what I was saying."


"No one is more convinced than I am of the absolute necessity of securing a perfect understanding and co-operation between our two great political parties," replied Wilenski.

“I should ask you for your hand on patriotic grounds, but I do so on personal grounds also. I am very sorry to have offended you, Pan Thaddeus.”

Several officers who had served, some in the Russian, some in the Prussian, some in the Austrian army, one or two Garibaldian chiefs, a few revolutionists of that *annus mirabilis* of revolution, 1848, were now consulted as to the immediate practicability of the insurrection in a purely military point of view.

The soldiers were all in favour of fighting; and, in conformity with their recommendation, the general rising was fixed for that day week—or rather for the evening of that day week, being exactly eight days and nights from the night of the recruitment.

Wilenski asked permission to command one of the bands intended to operate near Warsaw, and was appointed to do so. One of the iron-masters of the capital promised to take the whole of his workmen, numbering



some hundreds, into the field, and was nominated their chief. But most of the commanders of detachments were officers who had either been trained in regular armies, or who had seen active service in hard-fought insurrectionary campaigns.

It was settled that no rising should be attempted in the capital; but already a number of the younger inhabitants, dreading a continuation of the forced recruitment, had taken refuge in the woods around Warsaw; and Wilenski determined to give them some sort of organisation without a day's delay.


At last the conclave broke up, but not until the prior of the convent had blessed the enterprise in which its members were about to engage.

Two of the three of the most innocent-looking of the conspirators, and a few strangers to Warsaw, who could not possibly be known to the police, left the convent in the usual way.

Others, who had reason to suppose them-

selves deep in the police books, and who had no taste for excursions into the bowels of the earth when it was not absolutely necessary to make them, waited until it was dark, and then climbed the wall of the convent garden into a field, which communicated with one of the outer boulevards.


Wilenski was in a hurry to get home at once. He knew how anxious his children would be until his return. So taking up Jan in his arms—he was determined this time that the little thing should not be lost—he entered the passage, sent Jan on before, and with bent back and doubled-up knees groped his way after him. Ferrari followed Wilenski, and an officer called “Eugène” followed Ferrari.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### AFFAIR OF THE ICE-HOUSE.

T the other end of the passage stood the three gendarmes and the officer of the police, still watching to see when the ice which they had loosely replaced at and about the mouth would be disturbed.

“It moves!” whispered one of the gendarmes, in a less noble tone than that in which Galileo may be supposed to have said *e pur si muove!*

The head of the little poodle, itself as white as snow, was seen as he struggled to push on one side the lumps of ice which partially blocked up the passage.

“Seize the little beast and wring its neck.



It will bark when it sees us," whispered the officer of police.

The quickest of the three gendarmes executed the order, and wrung the neck of poor little Jan as readily—indeed, much more readily—than he would have blown his nose.

Wilenski's little favourite uttered one cry, and was dead ; but that one cry was heard by its master.

"Jan! Jan! what is the matter? Stefan, are you there?" he called out, as he hurried on towards the mouth of the passage.

"He calls for Stefan," observed the police officer to himself. "I must remember that."

"Now then," he said, in a hoarse whisper to the gendarmes, "down upon him. Use your bayonets if necessary, but do not on any account shoot him."

Wilenski has been spoken of emphatically as a conspirator of experience. He was not the man, then, to lose his presence of mind,

and—for instance—to attack an enemy merely because he had been provoked by him. He understood the art of reserving his fire, and saw that a shot aimed at one of the gendarmes who now stood ready to seize him would be worse than wasted.

The first thing he thought of was not how to save himself, but how to save his associates and the secret of the subterranean passage to the monastery, where the few papers relating to the organization of the insurrectionary movement were kept. He turned his head round, and called out in French, “Back, Stanislas! back, Eugène! retreat and burn the bridge!”

“I shall stay,” said Ferrari. “We are discovered. I will share your fate.”

“Back, madman! Pull him back, Eugène! He will ruin everything.”

Eugène was not a conspirator of experience, but he was a conspirator of natural genius, and understood that nothing was so

absurd as to be heroic at the wrong time.

“Do you think I am on a bed of roses?” he said reproachfully to Ferrari, after he had forced him to turn round and follow him on his way back to the monastery. “Do I not feel the pain of remaining quietly here, while poor Wilenski, at twenty yards’ distance, is in the hands of those savages?”

Wilenski, however, was not yet in the hands of the savages. He tried to get up a parley with his captors before resigning himself finally into their power.

“Come out, and let your accomplices come out, too,” cried the police officer.

“Then call off your men; I don’t want to be shot like a rabbit in a warren.”

“Come out, or you will be pricked with the bayonet.”

“Call your men off, and I will be out in a moment.”

"I make no terms with rebels," said the police officer, in a tone of great magnificence.

"Seize him," he called out at last ; "and, if he tries to escape, bayonet him."

"No ; I will give myself up," said Wilenski, seeing clearly that he had now nothing else to do.

Thereupon he crawled out, stood up, stretched himself, and, looking hard at the police officer, said to him : "I saw you before this morning, and I shall know you now whatever disguise you put on."

"You threaten me ! The criminal, on being arrested, used menaces ! I shall remember that at your examination."

"You will remember it afterwards as well," said Wilenski, who calculated that Ferrari, and the officer called Eugène, had now had time to proceed some distance on their retreat, and for his own part was beginning to lose his temper. Unfortunately, too, his eyes fell on the carcass of poor little Jan.

"You are looking at your dog—your faithful dog, who betrayed you?"

"It is only dogs, and sons of dogs like *you*, who betray men," replied Wilenski.

"Let us pacify him, captain," cried several of the gendarmes. "It is a sin to let him speak as he does."

"Where are your accomplices?" demanded the police officer.

"My friends are where you will never find them," answered Wilenski.

"Go in after them and bring them out!" said the police officer.

Wilenski replied only with a look of contempt.

"Drive him in with the bayonet," he cried, addressing one of the gendarmes. "You will be followed by a sufficient force."

Wilenski drew a revolver and presented it at the man. "Come one step nearer and I fire," he said. The man continued to approach, and Wilenski shot him through the head.

The two other gendarmes now fired at the same time at Wilenski, who fell mortally wounded.

He opened his mouth, closed it, murmured, "Poor Thecla !" and died.

END OF VOL. I.

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